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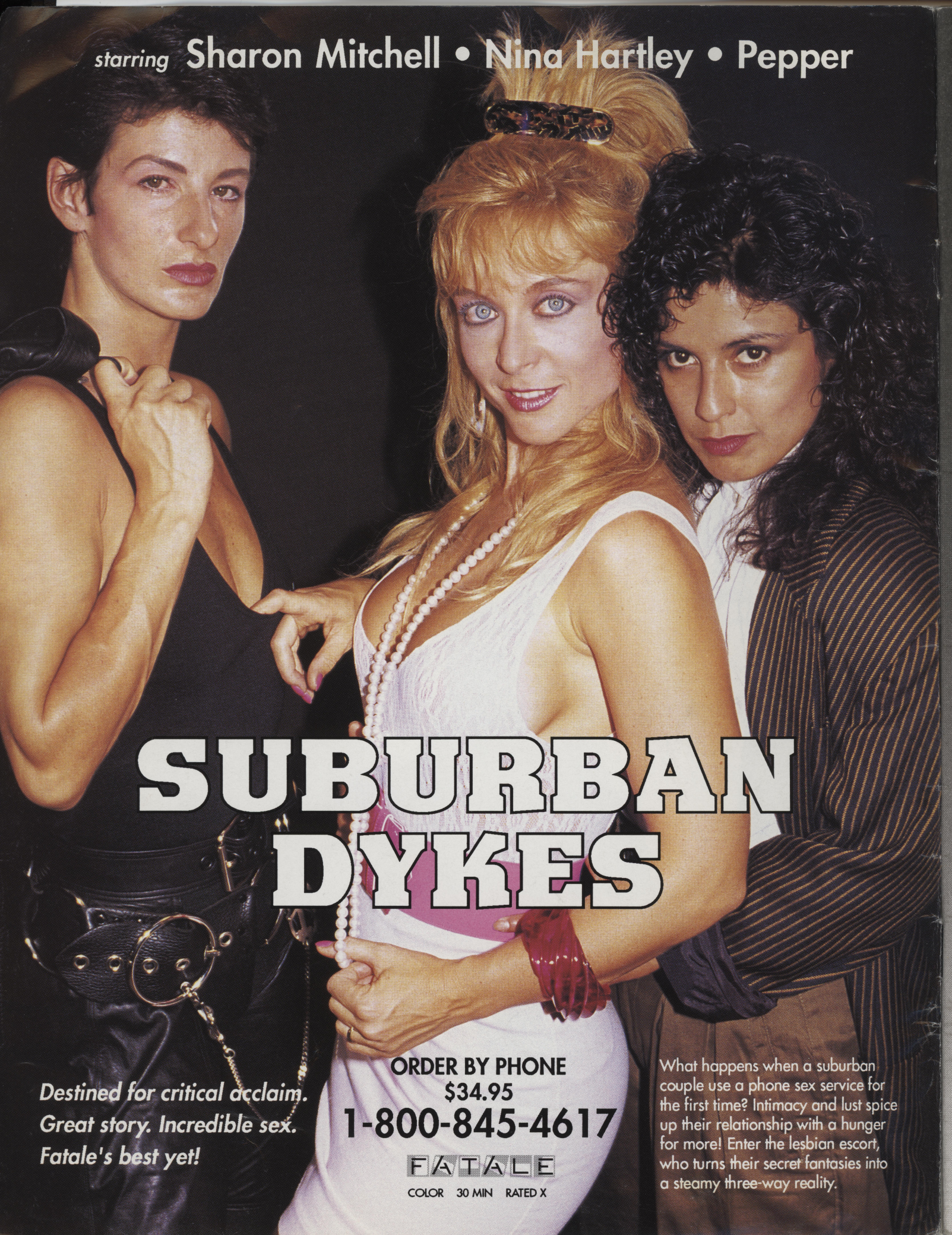
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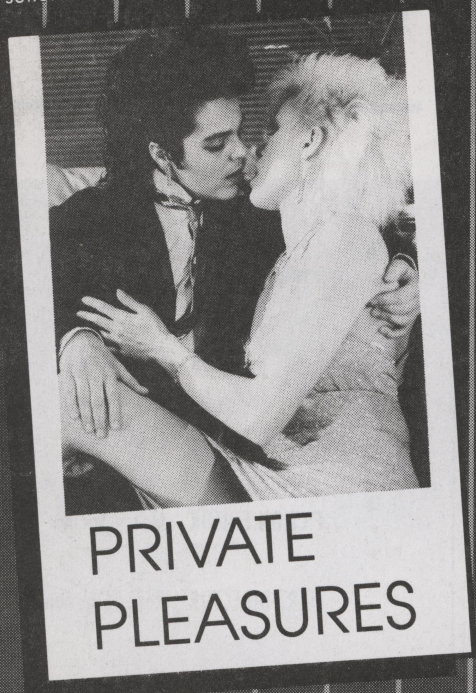

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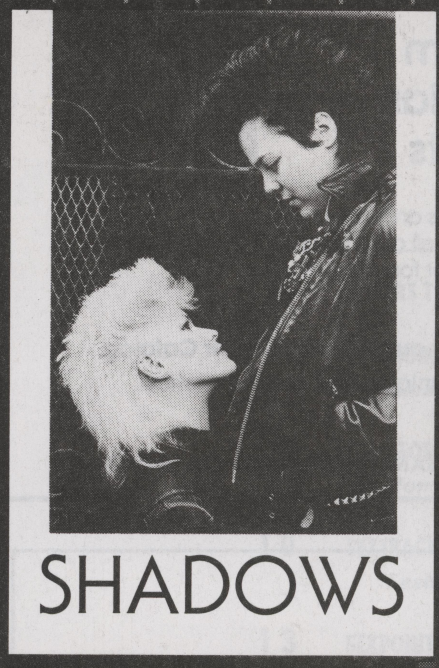

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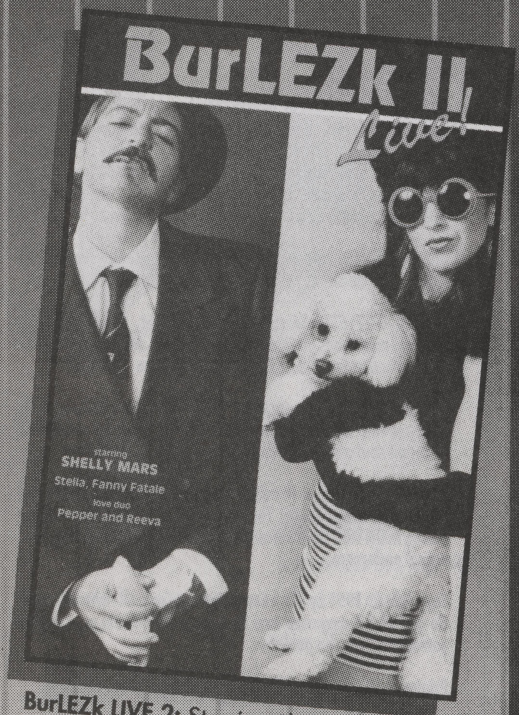
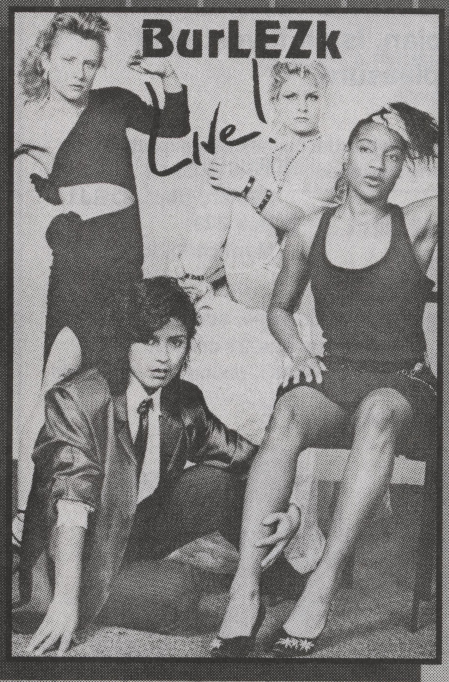


BurLEZk LIVE 2: Starring Shelly Mars with dancers Stella, Fanny Fatale and love duo Pepper and Reeva. 60 MIN • R



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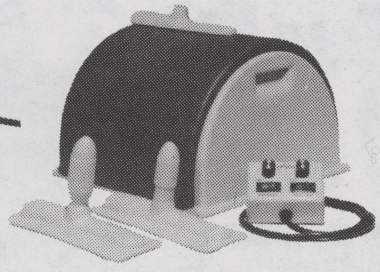

ON OUR BACKS

526 Castro • San Francisco, CA 94114
(415) 861-4723

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ON OUR BACKS (ISSN 08902224) is published bi-monthly by Blush Entertainment Corp, 526 Castro, San Francisco, CA 94114. Subscriptions are $34.95/yr USA; $42.95/yr Canada (first-class only); $59.95/yr outside USA (airmail only). Second-class postage paid at San Francisco, CA. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to ON OUR BACKS, 526 Castro, San Francisco, CA 94114.

ADVERTISING: Rate sheet and production assistance available on request. For assistance call: (415) 861-4723

RETAIL OUTLETS: Terms are 25% discount, freight pre-paid, return of mastheads of unsold copies for credit. Minimum order ten copies. Send order to: 526 Castro, San Francisco, CA 94114.

SUBMISSIONS: Photographers' and writers' guidelines available upon request with SASE. We are not responsible for unsolicited materials sent without SASE. Allow 6–8 weeks for response.

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Printed in USA by Alonzo Printing and Golden Dragon Printing.

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Lisa Brush's ultimate dinner party would include: you, Joan Nestle, Gayle Rubin, Pat Califia, Amber Hollibaugh, Jewelle Gomez...and no silverware.

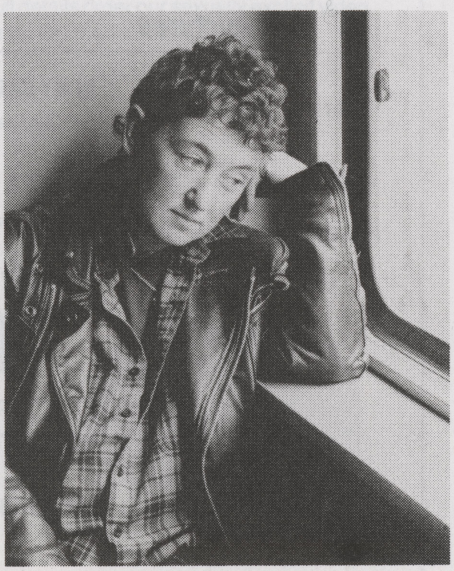
Ann Wertheim is happy to see the proliferation of Dyke Daddy fantasies, and she continues to explore the edge of her own envelope. She misses Dig.

Kris Kovick just finished illustrating a children's book titled *Hey! How Would You Feel If Your Dad Was Gay?* Watch for it in June (in time for Father's Day) from Alyson Publications.

Greta Christina: "At the moment, my favorite fantasy is to watch Rickey Henderson and Dave Stewart do it in the Oakland locker room after the ball game. Go A's!"

"Ah Simone," says **Madeleine**, "what big, beautiful eyes you have." "The better to eat you with, my dear," replies **Simone**. Congratulations to these vampire lovers; two and a half years into eternity.

"Watching the war on t.v. really inspired me to keep photographing erotically," says **Phyllis Christopher**. "The media bombards us with so many horrific images. The images I make are about choices, fantasies, and alternative realities."



Jill Posener cruises.

Wickie Stamps' work has appeared in *Gay Community News, Out/Week* and *The Advocate.* She loves perusing the fanzine *JD's* and reading about crossdressers in her spare time.

"Women all over the world can appreciate my work in *On Our Backs*, says **Shari Cohen**. She has been producing erotic images for *On Our Backs* for eight years.

Marcy Sheiner wants a (rich) daddy of any gender, race or species.

Jill Posener was born in London, lived in London, Berlin, Sydney and stopped by San Francisco long enough to photograph Kathy Acker.

BEND OVER BUTCH. . . . . .

First of all, to the butch reader who wrote in saying "the last thing I'd want to do is bend over for another butch" (*Letters*, January/February 90) and who seems terrified that other butches are getting off playing faggot: lighten up. If you like traditional butch/femme roles, go for it! But don't tell other dykes what they should or shouldn't be. Some of us are faggots, some are bitches with dicks, some are boys who love to get fucked or fuck their femme tops just the way she says. Some of us like to do EVERYTHING. And to the reader who's tired of "bald women with tattoos" and "punks with pierced everything"—well, I'm fed up with fluff femmes. Congrats to *On Our Backs* for pleasing half the women half the time, which is no small feat in this diverse community.

Secondly, after reading Carrington McDuffie's *A Gay Girl's Guide to Phone Sex* , I decided to try being the customer for a change, after a year and a half of taking calls from men. It was pretty hopeless. I knew the woman on the other end of the line was there to pay her rent, not because she was uncontrollably horny. I also knew she didn't have 48DD tits. The one-way fantasy just didn't turn me on. Oh well, chalk one up to this woman's overly personal approach to sex.

F. Fish
San Francisco, CA

ANNIE SPRINKLE

EARTH CALLING MARS . . . . . .

I had been toying with the idea of watching Shelly Mars perform her drag striptease in *BurLEZk Live! II* for some time. I liked the ad for the video with Mars holding the poodle: lots of thigh, great lips, and a great nose that one could imagine tonguing. Then the Shelly Mars interview came out in *On Our Backs* (July/August 90) and I absolutely had to rent the video.

Reading the interview and watching the video were both disappointing. First, Ms. Mars is sexually very mixed up and full of misdirected hatred. She is sexually antagonistic towards men as well as lesbians in her performances, gets off on gay male porn, and doesn't always feel comfortable being called a lesbian. In fact, according to the interview, she thinks of herself as "a black homosexual trapped in a lesbian's body."

Secondly, it's obvious who are the best entertainers in *BurLEZk II*: Pepper and Reeva. Their acts were polished and sexy. Mars' performance was stiff, boorish, and hostile—far from the sensual entertainment for lesbians it was intended to be. It makes me wonder why Mars strips for lesbians in the first place.

If Mars wants to have fun making fun of lesbian and gay lifestyles, she should pick a medium other than striptease in which to do it, such as satire or comedy; except the lesbian and gay community would soon discover little humor in what she tries to convey.

I wish Mars luck in finding a willing gay ass (black or otherwise) that she can fuck with her leather dildo, because she needs to—badly. (Though ass fistfucking is probably more suitable to her ego.) But alas, when Mars finally realizes that emulating her negative experience of male love ain't where it's at for most women who love women—on stage or off—I think we'll all feel better about welcoming her back into the lesbian fold.

Romey Smith
San Francisco

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IF LOOKS COULD KILL . . . . .

I can't help feeling resentment at automatically being labeled a "rapist" by Ms. Claire (*Letters*, January/February 91) because I read *On Our Backs*. I too, have the utmost respect for the writers, models, and photographers involved with the magazine. I don't seek to "control" anyone's sexuality by reading your publication—rather, mine is an attempt to understand and appreciate a lifestyle that is rarely recognized in the straight world or the media.

Is it possible to appreciate the stories, articles—and, yes—even the pictures in your magazine with one's clothes on but be sensuously aroused and enlightened in one's mind? The answer is yes. While none of your pictorials have garnished my walls, more than one issue of *On Our Backs* has disappeared into the hands of the girls I know. Be secure in the knowledge that there are some men out there who can view your photos and see something other than a hard-on. It is possible—even gratifying—to see a woman as more than a sex toy, the type usually gracing the pages of every men's magazine.

Women like Annie Sprinkle, Candida Royalle, Nina Hartley, or Hypatia Lee shouting politics during a strip show are exciting too, because they dare to topple the mold men and society have created for the female sex, and gleefully blow away the illusion and facade. That is the real turn-on. In this age of darkness it's refreshing to walk down the paths you trailblazers have made.

Rest assured, you are not pandering to a male audience. You have given some of us a chance to look behind the veil of myth and propaganda.

Steven Bonvissuto
Millwood, NY

SURVIVAL OF THE SEX-POSITIVE . . .

As an incest survivor, I have just discovered what S/M is not. It is not rape; it is not incest. One of my earliest sexual fantasies was about abuse. My perpetrator brutalized me and aroused me at the same time. Now as a young dyke, I often flashback to "incest arousal" when I am sexually excited. It has been difficult to be around my S/M friends because I often have flashbacks around them, but I've found I can talk to them about things my therapist does not understand. It feels good to be able to have S/M fantasies (although I will not do an actual S/M scene) that do not degenerate into actual rape and incest material. Thanks to the leather community for helping me make peace with a part of myself.

To me vanilla sex is as much about trust as leather folks attribute to S/M. In fact, I use safe words and I keep clear boundaries of do's and don'ts. The vanilla community should get hip to the fact that just because it's vanilla doesn't mean that safe words aren't necessary. You know it's hard to find really sex-positive erotica about/by women and men who have been raped or abused. It all seems to be about how sexually damaged we feel. Well I'm writing to say Damn! Is sex ever good! Thanks to *On Our Backs* for telling your readers about being sex positive and anti-abuse.

Sarah Keepers
Tucson, AZ

SLAVIC DYKE SENDS S.O.S. . . . .

Maybe you can help me somehow? But first, listen to my life story which can be a bit pathetic, unbelievable, funny, and so different from your everyday life.

My story and troubles began two years ago, when I realized myself as a lesbian. At that time I was 18, attending secondary school in Slovenia, Yugoslavia, and had an affair with an American lesbian. That was also my first and last time being really together with a lesbian woman. All other experiences were only curiosity of heterosexual women and nothing more! Since that time I have lived on a island of silence, isolation, and emotional darkness. Now I'm scared of myself, 'cause my life is like jail and I don't know what to do? Perhaps you can help me dear readers of *On Our Backs*, with letters and some other donations?

Katarina Mayerhold
PR1 VOI, 61000 Ljubyanof,
Slovenija, Yugoslavia

Katarina, we hope that our readers come to your emotional rescue with lots of letters. But as for donations, we hear the Yugoslavian customs officials are experts at lavender dildo confiscation, so good luck!

CHANGE OF HEART. . . . . .

I was all set to let my subscription lapse because *On Our Backs* had become predictable...even boring. But "The Dead Air Between Stars" by Stephine V. Lewis and Lisa LaBia's interview with Betty Dodson (November/December 90) changed my mind. They were original, thought provoking and hot.

I'd like to see more old women, fat women, leather women, and especially beaver shots! You can quote me on this: I'm a man-hating, lesbian feminist, Birkenstock-wearing, flannel-shirted dyke—and I read *On Our Backs*.

Janet Goldstein
New York, NY

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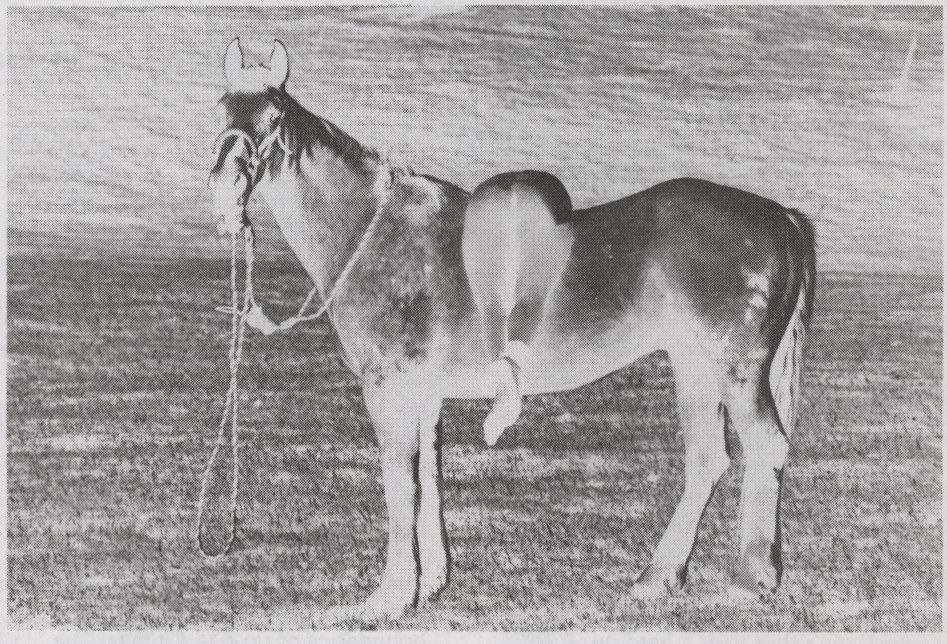
"Just because it's vanilla doesn't mean that safe words aren't necessary."

PONY GIRL



HONEY LEE COTTRELL

Bare-Butt Rider

I am a pony girl from way back. I never had the plastic models, and I couldn't draw a horse like my girlfriends who filled their notebooks with long-maned stallion sketchings. But I will never forget the day I got the pamphlet in the sixth grade advising girls about the onset of menstruation. "Avoid strenuous horseback riding" it said on page three, along with a whole other list of exercise do's and don'ts.

Further on in the pamphlet where the nitty gritty of tampon insertion was discussed, the fine print seemed to indicate that girls accustomed to horseback riding might find "tampons easier to use than Kotex."

I felt like a bird perched on a dildo tree.

Without ever using the word "hymen" or "virginity" the pamphlet coyly directed me to the conclusion that playing horsie was playing sex. The stables were my next stop.

Currying a dusty horse's butt or prying the shit and stones from their shoes was not my idea of an aphrodisiac. Taking the horses out for walks in the Malibu canyons and smoking a joint was peaceful, but hardly stimulating. No, it wasn't until many years later in Michigan, where my old friend Jenny was playing Mother Goose to a half-dozen thoroughbreds put out to pasture, that I learned how to fly.

One afternoon we were lazying down the perimeter of someone's soybean field when Jenny called over her shoulder, "The neighbors hate it when I do this!" She let out some crazy crow cry and both of our horses took off full gallop across the low field. So this is what Kotex was talking about—the ecstasy of power between your legs, moving your hips, and FLYING! The feeling of freedom and rhythm was exhilarating. I had had all the spirit of orgasm without the actual clitoral pop.

Since my first wild ride I've incorporated Ride 'Em Horsie eroticism into a lot of my fantasies. Debra Winger's mechanical bronco ride in *Urban Cowboy* has haunted me for years. I couldn't look at those twenty-five cent toy pony rides in front of the supermarket without feeling a little twitch in my Levis.

In this fashion, always alert to the siren of the saddle, I discovered The Sybian. I first saw The Sybian advertised in *Forum* magazine when I was writing porno criticism for them in the mid 80s. The advertisement showed a woman astride a saddle-like machine. It was obvious that she was riding on a dildo that emerged from the center of the saddle, and that this dildo was speed-controlled by a couple of dials attached to a small separate box. The ad specified that this "internal massage machine" rotated and vibrated— doubtless a pleasing combination! I mentally added it to my list of Things That Must Be Done At Least Once and then promptly forgot about it.

Three years later UPS brought an enormous package up the stairs of the *On Our Backs* office. It was our preview sample of The Sybian, complete with several different phallic attachments ranging from pinky size to four inches. The machine itself had all the sensual aesthetics of a 1965 Science Fair project, and with the writhing dildo attached to the top of it, it made a perfect desk ornament. I set the clock and waited to see who would be the first to use it.

In a stunning example of how boys always get to go first, one of our gay visitors (a young man who you might say

SUSIE BRIGHT

has been a pillar of the gay community) came in that afternoon to have me sign a contract. Upon seeing my Sybian, his thoughts of business were replaced with thoughts of The Perfect Fuck in the Ass. "Are you a Pony Girl too?" I asked him. But our fantasies were not on the same wavelength. He took it home for the weekend and returned with the advice that it beat the hell out of an inflatable doll and that the rotating dial should be kept on low. His heartfelt recommendation persuaded me to stay after work and try it myself.

I moved The Sybian to the back of the office so that my antics would not be viewed by the late Castro Street bar shop-o-holics. I slipped in a tape of Madonna's "Justify My Love" and then slid onto the seat. With the controls off, I felt like a bird perched on a dildo tree. I turned on the vibration and realized right away that this was not an English Posting style of ride—I needed to lean over to get the full benefits on my clit. This angle made the dildo press more toward my rectum. As I turned on the rotation the effects of my position became clear. Even though the cockpiece was in my pussy, it was shuddering and pressing on my ass. Throwing caution and my friend's advice to the wind, I turned up the whirl-o-matic volume. Forget the pony ride, I was now literally being reamed.

All thoughts of Black Beauty disappeared as I simply hung onto the nearest chair legs I could grab. The vibration and rotation was so loud that I would never be able to hear anyone opening the front door. The humiliating, hot thought of being discovered like this by a late night UPS driver sent me over the edge.

I removed myself with a whimper and crawled over to the refrigerator. I wanted a cold bottle of something to put between my thighs. My whole bottom was aching blissfully from the pneumatic shake-up it had just received. When I was a kid I use to take off my roller skates after skating all day and I'd still feel like my feet were rolling. Now my crotch was still rolling.

Five minutes later the feeling passed. Horseback riding is definitely more strenuous in the long run than The Sybian. I recommend both actually, but they each have some drawbacks in accessibility. You need wide open spaces for the horses. You need a bundle of money for The Sybian, although I hear one Bay area store, Romantasy, is renting The Sybian out for weekends. Bareback riding or bare ass writhing—try one and let me know how it works out. Δ

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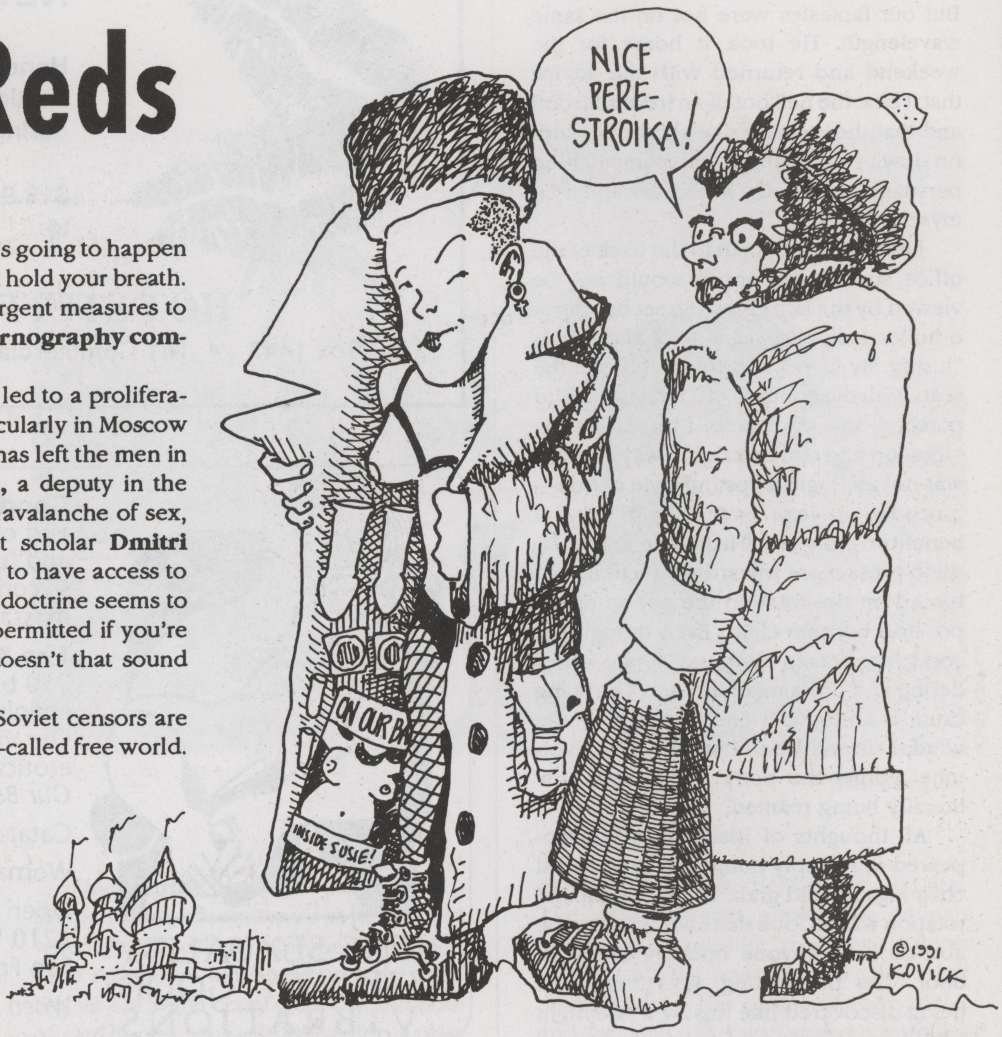
Redneck Reds

If you've been getting excited about what's going to happen to sex in the post-glasnost Soviet Union, don't hold your breath. **Mikhail Gorbachev** has decided to take "urgent measures to protect public morals" by forming an **anti-pornography commission**.

The changing Soviet political climate has led to a proliferation of porn and other sexual materials, particularly in Moscow and other Soviet cities. Not surprisingly, this has left the men in power a trifle uneasy. **Alexander Vasiliets,** a deputy in the Supreme Soviet, referred to the trend as "an avalanche of sex, violence and other such slime." Prominent scholar **Dmitri Likhachev** fears that allowing Russian youth to have access to smut will create a "spiritual Chernobyl." The doctrine seems to be that freedom of the press should not be permitted if you're just going to do *that* with it. (Gee, girls, doesn't that sound familiar?)

What's even more disturbing is that the Soviet censors are taking their cue from the porn police in the so-called free world. **Nikolai Smirnov**, a doctor at Moscow's **Institute for Sexual Culture**, insisted that the Soviets should not "let all this stuff appear in every corner of our city," and added that "we need restrictions, like in the West."

Look, comrades, a word of advice. If you want to be free like we are in America, don't start out by imitating **Ed Meese**.



Assault With A Deadly Dildo

Sexual ignorance and racist hysteria can make for a very explosive combination. According to the **Bay Area Reporter,** an Iraqi-born San Francisco resident was the suspect in a statewide search for suspicion of terrorist activities when law enforcement officials mistook a vibrating dildo in his possession for a bomb—and then blew it up.

The dildo was found in the glove compartment of **Duraid Jafar Azawi** when he was arrested on suspicion of forging a medical prescription (hew, sounds like a dangerous character). When the bomb squad could not identify the toy, they detonated it. Unfortunately, the explosion left a black powder residue which the **Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms** interpreted as evidence that the poor innocent dildo was, in fact, a bomb.

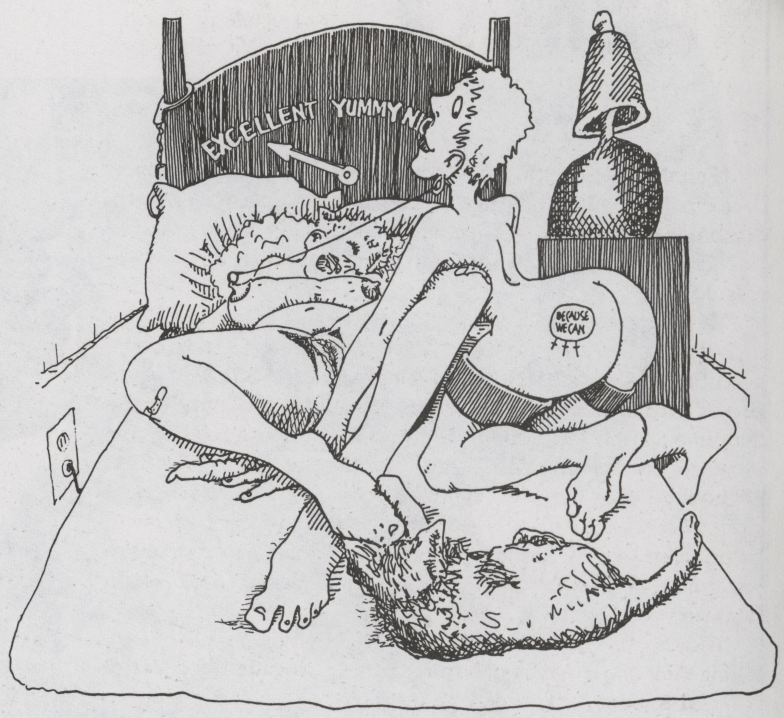
When Azawi jumped bail on the forgery charge, a statewide bulletin was issued warning of an Iraqi fugitive found with an explosive device. Several other vibrators were later discovered in his possession and the explosives charge was dropped, but not before the arrest of the Iraqi "terrorist" and his detonated "device" had made front-page news throughout California. Detective **Gregory Clayton** described the incident as "a good study in national paranoia." We couldn't agree with him more.

In an unrelated case of terrorist sex-toy hysteria, officials at a post office in **Palo Alto, California** called in the bomb squad when a plain brown wrappered package in the morning's mail began to shake, rattle, and roll. When the package was inspected, however, it was discovered to be a battery-operated vibrator that had been mailed with the batteries inserted and somehow turned itself on. Fortunately, the police involved were able to identify the harmless toy as such, and after reassuring postal officials, sent it on its merry way.

Kinky Cartoon Confusion

The phrase "family entertainment" was recently given new meaning when a children's cartoon video purchased at a toy store unexpectedly turned out to be a hard core pornographic orgy tape.

The video purchased by **Carol and Larry Laslo** was supposed to tell the tale of **Buttons the Bear, Rusty the Fox** and their Easter adventures in the **Chucklewood Forest.** (Sounds like a hot concept—could be the inspiration for **Fatale's** next video.) But when the two Laslo children played the tape, they got an entirely different story. The video company, **Summit Media Corp.**, says that the "sick and cruel act" of sabotage was probably an isolated incident, but is recalling and destroying up to 20,000 copies of the video anyway. "We just can't take any chances," the owner said.



Dykes Have More Fun

If you're tired of hearing the myth that lust is men's territory and lesbians don't really enjoy sex — well, now we have the figures to prove it wrong. A survey by **Partners Newsletter for Gay & Lesbian Couples** shows that, while queer couples of both genders heartily praise the quality of their sex lives, more lesbians rate sex with their partner as good or excellent than their gay male counterparts.

Of the dykes responding to the survey, 54% described sex with their sweetie as "excellent," with 24% judging it to be "good." Gay male couples were found to be generally pleased with their sex lives, but less overwhelmingly enthusiastic than their queer sisters—34% checked in with a response of "excellent" and 33% called it "good." Not too surprisingly, the satisfaction statistics had more correlation with factors like commitment, overall satisfaction in the relationship, the presence of children in the household, etc., than with how frequently the couples had sex. The men surveyed do the nasty an average of ten times a month; the women about seven.

Another myth bites the dust and high time, too. Now let's get to work on the one that says "women don't like pornography."

NO COMMENT: "Republicans understand the bondage between parent and child."
—U.S. Vice President Dan Quayle

Sextracts: Greta Christina **Illustrations: Kris Kovick**

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THE DADDY CLOSET

PHYLLIS CHRISTOPHER

Dad´dy (dad'e). *n. Informal.* Father. [Prob. of baby-talk orig.]

• • •

The yearning for an omnipotent lover who will stick with us through the pain is a powerful image.

When "Daddy's Little Girl" (page 28) showed up in the offices of *On Our Backs*, it created quite a stir—several of us nearly fainted from intense levels of sexual heat. Since I recently had a story on the very theme of the Daddy fantasy rejected by a mainstream porno magazine on legal grounds, I questioned whether or not we could publish it. What ensued was a lively confessional dialogue about our own personal Daddy fantasies, punctuated by girlish giggles.

Most women who have Daddy fantasies say they are not envisioning their actual father, but rather the *gestalt* of Daddy: an authority figure, not necessarily a man, who doles out punishment but also protects and nurtures. Likewise, we don't necessarily see ourselves as children when in the scene, but as powerless sex objects wholly at the mercy of someone stronger than ourselves, just as in any scene involving dominance and submission. In the Daddy fantasy, chronological age is irrelevant— a mentality comes into play that appears to be ageless.

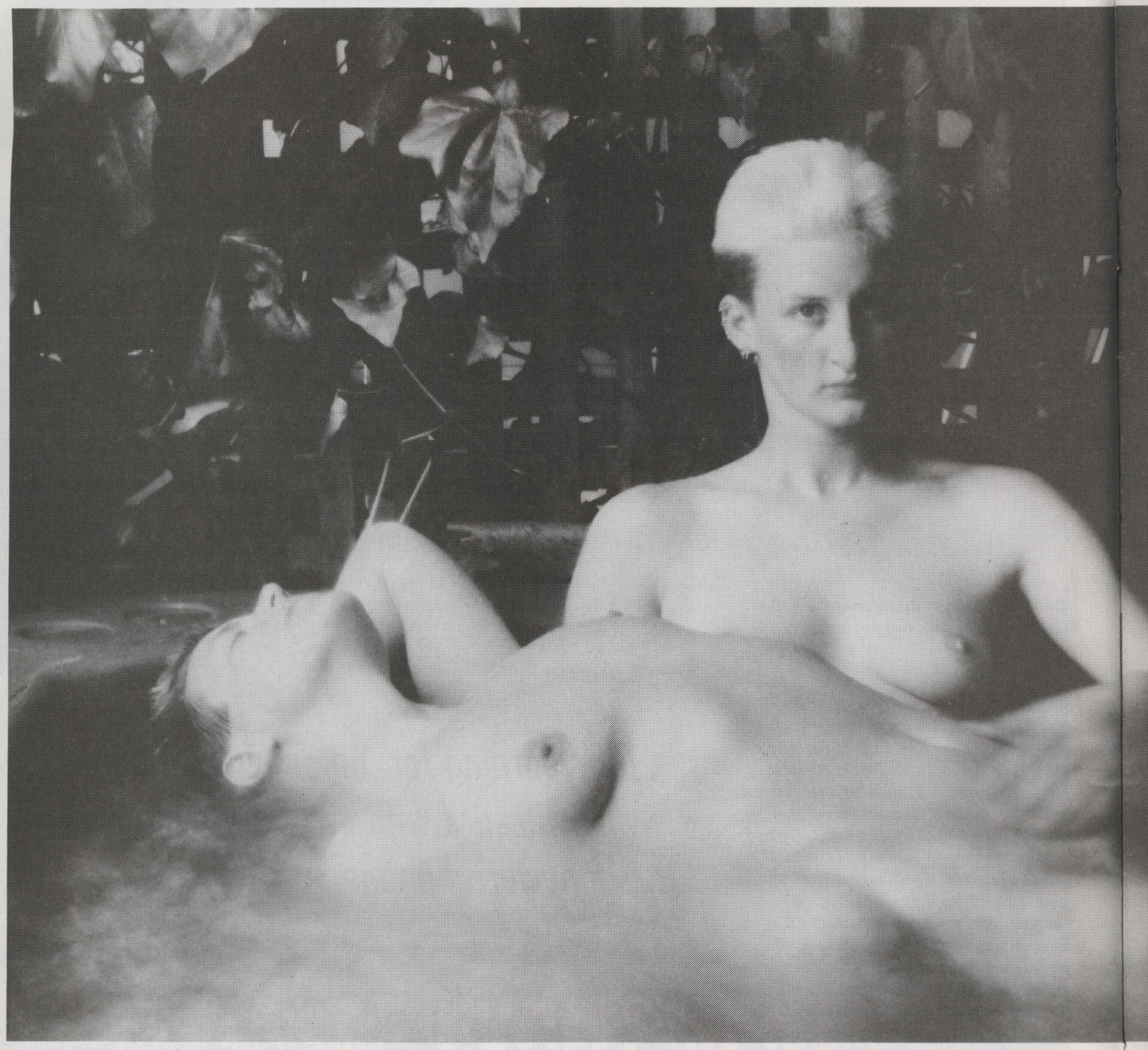
Nonetheless, there's no denying that negative reactions to sexual depictions of fathers and daughters, even if clearly spelled out as fantasy—as in "Daddy's Little Girl"—are based on valid concerns.

It goes without saying that incest and child abuse are always wrong. Sex between an adult and child can never be deemed consensual. Because of this, we're apt to experience guilt for having these fantasies, or for being turned on when we read a story like "Daddy's Little Girl." We repress or deny our feelings, leading to more guilt and confusion. But just as rape fantasies are not about actual rape, so too Daddy fantasies are not about actual incest.

Years ago I experimented with the Daddy fantasy in a literal sense, conjuring up an image of my father during masturbation, hoping to throw a light into that dark corner and illuminate a part of my psyche. I recalled being spanked as a child, and in a flash I remembered that every time my father's big masculine hand came down across my ass, it produced a corresponding pressure where my clitoris touched his knee.

(continued on page 44)

MARCY SHEINER



In My Garden

n Bed

Photos by Shari Cohen

JILL POSENER

KATHY ACKER

BY LISA PALAC

Her voice is rich and sweet like honey, but the words that novelist Kathy Acker is famous for are more like chunks of jagged glass that have slashed the great American novel beyond recognition.

At 43, Acker has published nine books including *Blood and Guts in High School*, *Empire of the Senseless*, and *Kathy Goes to Haiti*. Her style throws traditional literary conventions—like beginning, middle, and end—out the window. In their place is her carnal brand of anarchy that critics love to call "violent" and "pornographic."

Acker's hardcore reputation has followed her from London to New York City, and now to the West Coast. Curled up on the big red chair in her new San Francisco apartment, she talks about experiments with language, San Diego sex clubs, and the philosophy of pumping iron.

Lisa Palac: Your writing style has been called disjunctive, chaotic, confusing—the antithesis of traditional narrative. How would you describe it?

Kathy Acker: I came out of the poetry world, not out of prose, so I wasn't concerned with the traditional narrative or even narrative at all. I wasn't interested in telling a story, where you make up one or two fictional characters and tell about their relation to the world. But poetry became too narrow a realm; the audience was too elitist. I wanted my writing to be more of the world. I didn't want to be a commercial writer but I wanted a space that was somewhere between a poetry audience and a commercial audience. My model was the European novel. People like Robbe-Grillet were very important to me back then. This was around 1970 or 71. And William Burroughs was a model in terms of his interest in the relationship between politics and language, not so much in content.

LP: What personal experiences influenced your style?

KA: When I was first looking for a way to publish my early prose, my very good friends David and Eleanor Antin said "Why don't you send your stuff to Carol Bergé?" She was the only person who did a prose magazine which featured poets at that time. So I sent her some of my writing.

"Sexuality is something we were defined by, and now we want to define it."

At that time I was working as a stripper doing three shows a night. We would be chauffeured around in this pink car from club to club. I spent most of my time in the car with the other girls or in the dressing room—we never spent time with the customers. It was a real vaudeville thing. Everybody was doing a lot of drugs back then, and they'd get high and start telling these marvelous stories. So I started writing down these stories, but I didn't want to look like a sociologist so I wrote them in first person. My early work was this kind of collage of stories in the first person that weren't my stories at all. And that's what I sent to Carol Bergé. Carol sent me back a postcard saying, "Wonderful, very exciting," you know, the usual crap.

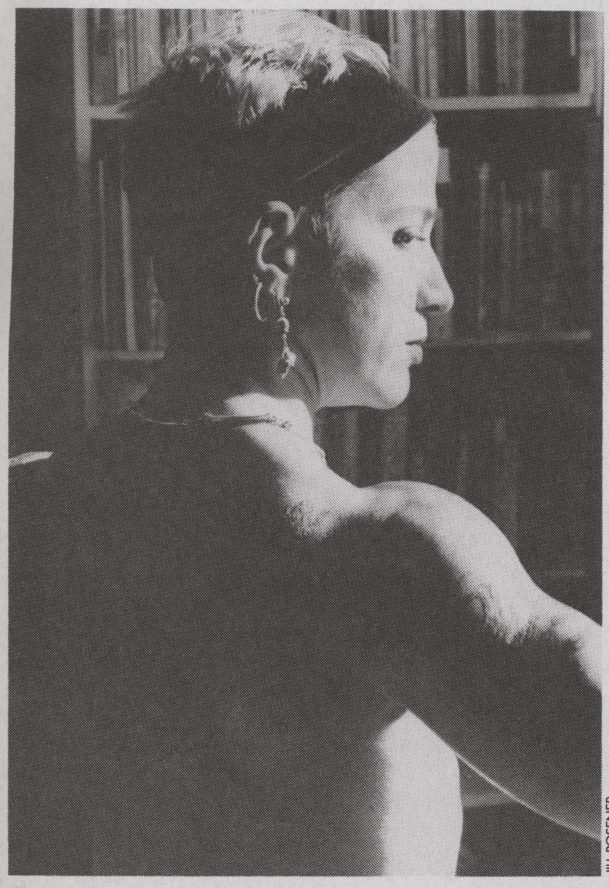
Then one day I was babysitting for Eleanor and David and there was this letter on the floor with my name on it. Of course, I read the letter and it said I should be committed to an insane asylum, signed Carol Bergé! I thought 'Bloody hell!' and I wondered why would she say this. Then I realized that she thought everything in the prose I had sent her was autobiographical, because it was written in first person. How ridiculous! I would have to be male and female and a murderer and a transvestite.

LP: So what happened next?

KA: I became very interested in schizophrenia! I was fascinated with the power of the pronoun "I" and its notion of truth. If you use the word "I," what you're saying has to be true. I started reading a lot of R. D. Laing, who is a very respected psychoanalyst. His main message was that what society defines as "madness" is really a very natural process towards health; that schizophrenia isn't a sign of madness but a stage toward evolving a much healthier relation to the world. I became fascinated with schizophrenia especially in terms of language, you know, what was this "I"? My interest was like an experiment. I was interested in finding out how the "I" worked. What was the true "I"? Was there such a thing? I was concerned with identity. This experiment was the inspiration for my first book, *The ChildLike Life of the Black Tarantula.* ➤

LP: If the first person experiences in *ChildLike Life* weren't your own, where did they come from?

KA: I sat down and thought, 'Who am I not?' Well, I never murdered anybody, as far as I knew, so I went to the library and got all these books about these murderesses. By random, I picked a bunch of stories and changed the biographical third person to first person, as if they were about me. Then I placed this false autobiography next to the real biography. After I'd done it a number of times, I realized that there was no difference.



JILL POSENER

Then the experiment became more complicated, more about memory and fiction. I did two more books like this, *I Dreamt I was a Nymphomaniac: Imagining* and *The Adult Life of Toulouse Lautrec.* They're a trilogy. Ever since then I was very interested in using text to solve problems or to figure out how things work. Be it schizophrenia or other things.

LP: Your latest book, *In Memoriam to Identity*, has a chapter titled "Rimbaud" and describes this twisted love affair between the French poets Arthur Rimbaud and Paul Verlaine. Is any of it true?

KA: It's based on facts about Verlaine and Rimbaud. My kind of biography is more imaginary than fact. In the beginning, I simply wanted to write a biography about Rimbaud, but when I got to the part of his life (after he slept with Verlaine) when he kind of became a yuppie, I thought 'I really don't want to write about this anymore.' So that was that story.

I wanted to write this Arthur Rimbaud biography for two reasons. One reason is that I wanted to write a book in which there were only men—a reaction to feminism that I thought was very perverse. I also wanted to deal with some stuff about S/M and sexism. The other reason is that, in some ways, I feel that we're losing our history. I remember when I was in England, I saw the film *Mississippi Burning* and I was really shocked that the reviews were saying "This is a great left-wing American film." Wait a minute. Doesn't anyone remember those days? The portrayal of black people as weak victims? Those were the days of Martin Luther King—blacks weren't weak victims at all. What is this that the FBI helped the black cause? Then I realized that people don't remember. Our own immediate histories are being lost. So I wanted to go back into my own past and see who my heroes and my generation's heroes really were, and why they were our heroes. Those were the two reasons why I wrote about Arthur Rimbaud.

LP: Much of your work is very pornographic. Why does pornography interest you?

KA: I don't think of it as pornographic—except the early work. Then I was interested in pornography. In the very early days, I would write little sections, mainly for friends. I would say, 'Who do you want to be?' They'd say, "I want to be a big stud." So I would make my friends into porn stars. Another time I wrote a little section about James Dean and Janis Joplin having a love affair. I described what it was like when they fucked.

LP: Tell me more about your life in the sex industry and working as a stripper.

KA: I had just finished college—this was the late 60s, early 70s—and became very sick. Because I was in a great deal of pain, it was hard for me to get a regular job. I needed money for medicine and I quickly realized that if I didn't pay a rich doctor I would probably die. I was well educated, but education in humanities is worth nothing in the job market. Plus, I wanted time for my writing. I thought I could get some work modeling but I was too short. I ended up in the sex business. I was never a prostitute but I did movies and books. I worked a live show on 42nd Street which was more illusion in those days than anything else.

LP: What was a typical show?

KA: It depends. There were all different sorts of shows. Once I worked for a New York agent and he would send me to different clubs—usually in New Jersey. You'd get there and they'd have some miserable little stage the size of a TV table. And you'd put some quarters in the jukebox and wiggle to some songs. You had to have a costume, too. I think it was illegal not to wear pasties. Working in New York was really horrible. This one time, a guy came up to me and put a dollar bill up my cunt.

LP: Up your cunt?

KA: Yeah, he just reached right in so I just whacked him—I mean, I was in shock! The owner walked up to me and said, "Now why did you do that?" And I was like, 'For God's sake!' And he said, "I'd do the same thing, and if you don't like it you get out of here."

LP: So what did you do?

KA: I got out of there! The San Diego clubs weren't as rough. You'd waitress the first forty-five minutes, serving these huge fucking mugs of beer, and then you'd dance for fifteen minutes. It was really tiring. And you'd work a seven hour day with only one fifteen minute break. It was pure slave labor. So I quickly left that and got the job where they drove us from club to club in that pink car. It was great because you didn't have to waitress and you didn't have to talk to the men. It was more like burlesque.

LP: What was your stage name?

KA: Target. There was some nudity, but you did your own lights, designed your own sets. The costumes were fabulous—velvet robes, feathers, the whole thing. The pay wasn't good but the conditions were good. And when you worked for a good audience it was fun.

LP: What was it like doing film loops?

(continued on page 38)

Simone
& Madeleine
Photos by Phyllis Christopher

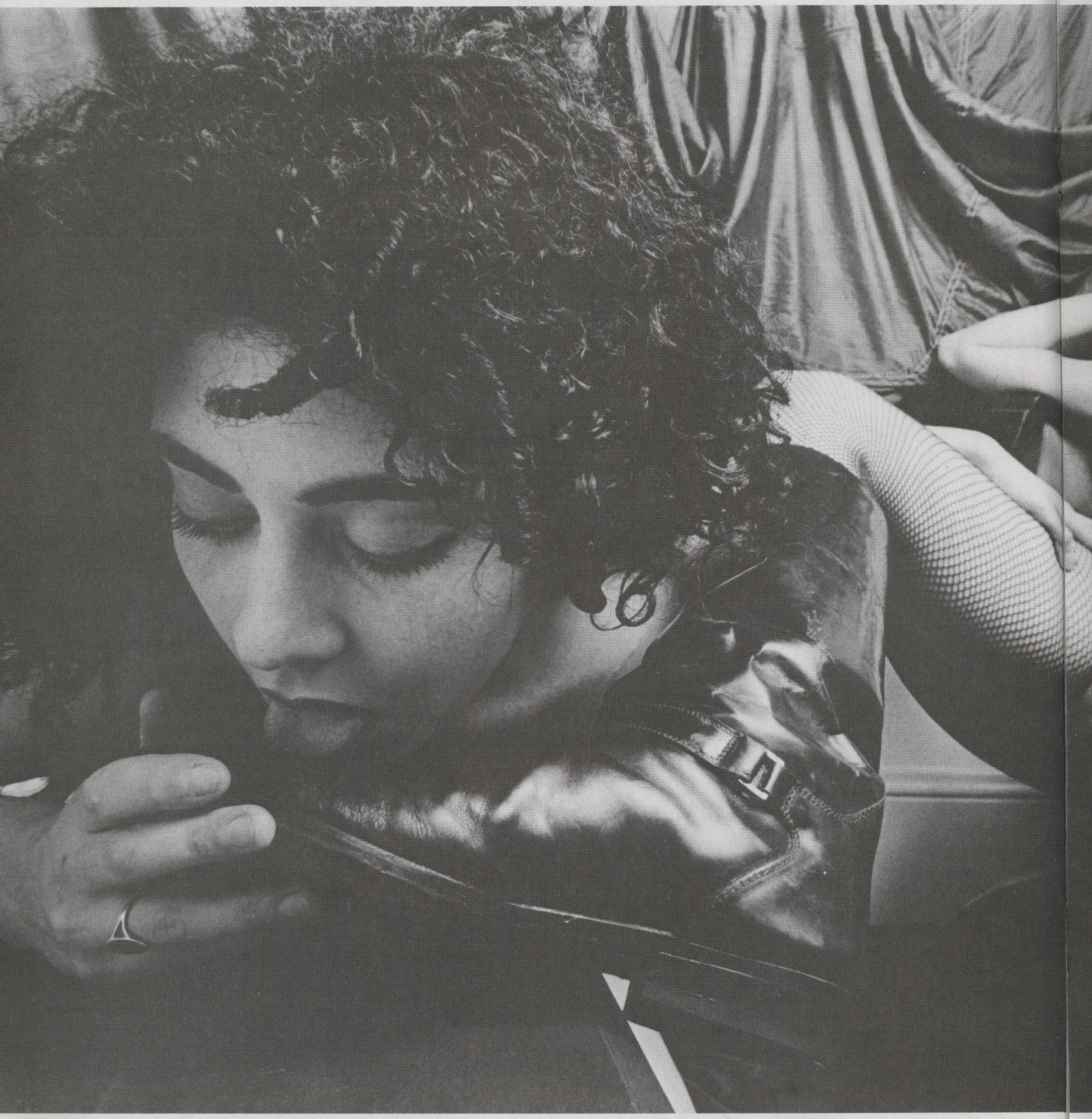


Photo by
Phyllis Christopher

DADDY'S LITTLE GIRL

By Ann Wertheim

My Daddy comes into my bedroom late at night. She puts her hand under the blanket and up my nightgown and pushes her finger roughly up my pussy hole and whispers, "Daddy wants to fuck her little girl. Shhh, you're wet already, you need this, don't you, that's a girl, good girl, Daddy's going to fuck her little pussy girl with her hard cock. That's what you want, isn't it?"

> I'm going to pull down your pants and give you a good, hard spanking.

I travelled 150 miles to play with this woman. We set it up for months, talked about it every which way. Her body pins me to the bed. I'm sleepy but aroused.

"Yes Daddy, please fuck me hard, please Daddy. I want your cock inside of me."

I push my tongue into her ear, but she pulls away. "I'm going to give you a spanking in the morning, you know that don't you? In the morning at the breakfast table, I'm going to pull down your pants and give you a good, hard spanking. Might even have to use the belt on you, young lady."

"I'll be a good girl Daddy, I promise."

"I know you will be, but you'll still get spanked anyway." *(continued on page 40)*

A PYG

I stood gasping,

as Nica began

caressing the statue

with more

than her hands.

GMALION AFFAIR

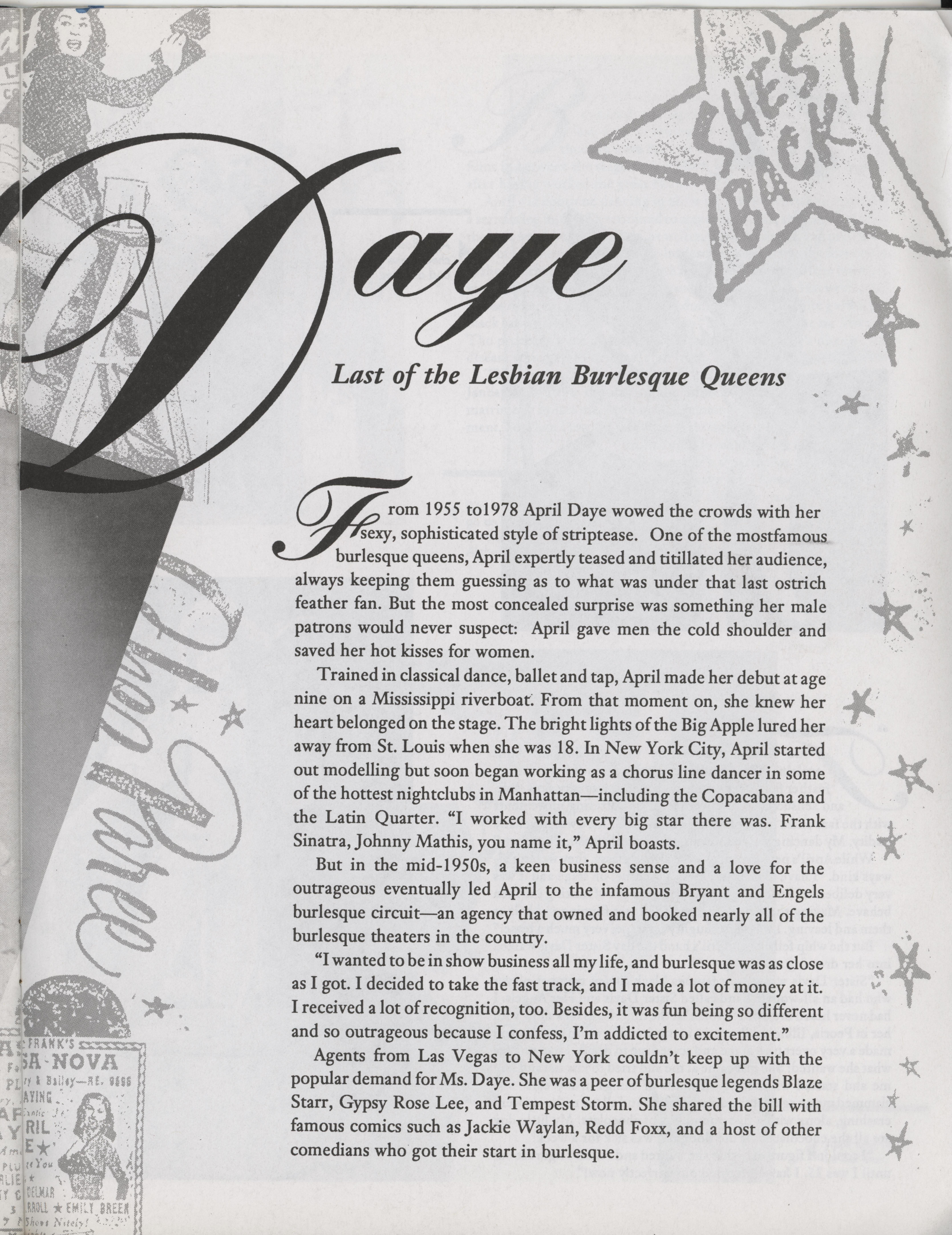
BY LISA BRUSH

Call me unprofessional, call me unethical. No one built of flesh and bone could have done any differently. That's precisely the point: flesh and bone and human frailty in the face of the stony–eyed demands of perfection. And now I've solved the biggest mystery in archaeological history and I don't know if I dare tell anyone about it.

It all started because of that ridiculous internship program. Sure, some college kid is loopy enough about ancient art to spend the summer stuck in the basement dusting off headless, armless statuary, no problem. But Nica was different. Nica was a problem. For one thing, she was no college kid. She was what they call a "re–entry" student, almost my own venerable age. Her resumé told me she'd spent 15 years doing excavation work on a dig run by her great–aunt, a private outfit down in the southern islands. I'd heard about the place; they'd had a lot of bad press, in the tabloids at least. Spectacular finds, but the hired help kept disappearing. There were rumors about strange sapphic rites and sacrifices. I had personally supervised the authentication and dating of one of the pieces—just a fragment, but the damnedest thing: two intricately entwined and beautifully rendered hands, one from the second century before the Common Era and one undatable because of the long half–life of the carbon molecules. In other words, brand new. *(continued on page 42)*

Photo by Who Else? Productions

Fiery Dancer
By Popular Demand
APRIL
CASINO
BURLESQUE
NEW!
April
DAVE



Daye

Last of the Lesbian Burlesque Queens

From 1955 to1978 April Daye wowed the crowds with her sexy, sophisticated style of striptease. One of the mostfamous burlesque queens, April expertly teased and titillated her audience, always keeping them guessing as to what was under that last ostrich feather fan. But the most concealed surprise was something her male patrons would never suspect: April gave men the cold shoulder and saved her hot kisses for women.

Trained in classical dance, ballet and tap, April made her debut at age nine on a Mississippi riverboat. From that moment on, she knew her heart belonged on the stage. The bright lights of the Big Apple lured her away from St. Louis when she was 18. In New York City, April started out modelling but soon began working as a chorus line dancer in some of the hottest nightclubs in Manhattan—including the Copacabana and the Latin Quarter. "I worked with every big star there was. Frank Sinatra, Johnny Mathis, you name it," April boasts.

But in the mid-1950s, a keen business sense and a love for the outrageous eventually led April to the infamous Bryant and Engels burlesque circuit—an agency that owned and booked nearly all of the burlesque theaters in the country.

"I wanted to be in show business all my life, and burlesque was as close as I got. I decided to take the fast track, and I made a lot of money at it. I received a lot of recognition, too. Besides, it was fun being so different and so outrageous because I confess, I'm addicted to excitement."

Agents from Las Vegas to New York couldn't keep up with the popular demand for Ms. Daye. She was a peer of burlesque legends Blaze Starr, Gypsy Rose Lee, and Tempest Storm. She shared the bill with famous comics such as Jackie Waylan, Redd Foxx, and a host of other comedians who got their start in burlesque.

April flashes cheesecake and a smile.

"True burlesque striptease was an illusion," April explains. "I did fan dancing with a set of huge ostrich feather fans over a nude body net. It was very slow, soft, and sensuous. There were a lot of fluttering movements with the fans and a lot of playing peek-a-boo. There was never any nudity. My dancing was humorous, coy, slightly teasing, but sexy."

While April's performances were always classy, they weren't always kind. "I have to tell you, I was a bit cruel on stage and it was very deliberate! I used to get a sadistic kick out of making the men behave. Making them want me and then just flipping my hair at them and leaving. I was very naughty on stage; very much a tease."

But the whip fell out of April's hand the day Sister Davis walked into her dressing room.

"Sister Davis was a very famous black *lesbian* trumpet player who had an all-woman band called Sister Davis and Her Angels. I had never heard the word 'lesbian' at the time. I was on a show with her in Peoria, Illinois. She came in my dressing room one day and made a very overt pass at me and scared me to death. I had no idea what she wanted! She just came at me and tried to kiss me and hug me and started whispering all kinds of things in my ears. She slammed me up against the dressing table and all my make-up went crashing, along with a five pound box of chocolate. My little dog ate all the chocolates off the floor and was sick for a week!

"I couldn't figure out what she wanted and I didn't figure it out until I was 35. I have it figured out perfectly now!"

Rita look-a-likes go on the road to raise money for Alzheimer's disease.

By 1978 the burlesque houses were hanging by a thread, and April decided to call it quits. "The last days of burlesque were the pits. By then the theaters were old and dirty. They were showing porn films in between the stage shows which was a major turn-off for me, after having worked the great clubs."

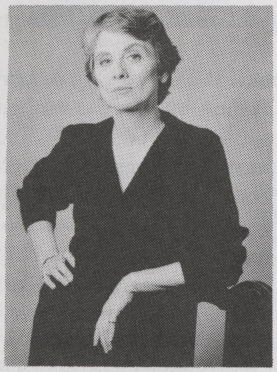
April did continue dancing in clubs until 1984 when she sustained a serious leg injury. Determined to stay in show biz, she has worked in the industry from every angle, as writer, publicity agent, and producer. One of her most successful post-burlesque projects was the formation of the International Rita Hayworth Fan Club. A true blue Rita fan from way back, April organized this travelling homage to Hayworth. All across America, April and her gang donned red wigs, white gardenias, black satin gowns, and lip-synched to "Put the the Blame on Mame." The proceeds were donated to research on Alzheimer's disease; the disease which Hayworth suffered from.

The latest event in April's life is her marriage to her lover Dale, January 21, 1991; the day of the winter equinox. But I don't let matrimony isolate me, April insists, remember, I'm addicted to excitement, So when I saw *On Our Backs*, I thought it was so outrageous and titillating. I loved it! I love it when women talk dirty. It's a particular freedom that I don't even have yet. I love exciting women. And I loved the personals. I wish I could answer every one of them.

"I thought it was great that there were lesbians out there with the nerve to acknowledge their sexuality. It's okay for men to be outrageous sexually and it's okay for women. So let's do it!" Δ

April's career continues into the 70s.

April and Dale tie the knot.



Author Camille Paglia

SEXUAL PERSONAE: ART AND DECADENCE FROM NEFERTITI TO EMILY DICKINSON

Camille Paglia
Yale University Press, $34.95

Camille Paglia is academic feminism's biggest radical since Andrea Dworkin—but the similarity ends there. Paglia thinks the Marquis de Sade is the most underrated writer in the Western world; she applauds the patriarchy for making her the free-thinking woman that she is today, stating: "If civilization had been left in female hands, we would still be living in grass huts."; and she adamantly believes that pornography is art. And this is just the beginning.

The goal of *Sexual Personae*, a 718-page epic that took Paglia twenty years to write, is to expose the sex and violence ignored by scholars throughout the history of Western art, and then celebrate it. The first chapter, titled "Sex and Violence, or Art and Nature," is a loaded gun. "We cannot hope to understand sex and gender until we clarify our attitude toward nature," she writes. To Paglia nature is not about peace, tranquility, and blossoms in springtime. "Violence is the authentic spirit of mother nature." Nature is a raging tempest that swallows us up and burps us out at will. Nature is Mother Earth and nature is an uncontrollable bitch.

Paglia uses the term "chthonian" to describe this capricious, dark vision of nature. From the depths of the chthonian comes our sexual power, as well as Paglia's antipathy for the state of modern feminism. She believes traditional feminists have tried to drive the power out of sex, and in the process have put themselves at odds with nature. "Modern feminism's most naive formulation is its assertion that rape is a crime of violence but not of sex, that it is merely power masquerading as sex. But sex is power..."

Feminists aren't the only group that Paglia is intent on attacking: academics are feeling the heat too. Paglia is fed up with the intellectuals and scholars who refuse to discuss the continuum of sexuality and decadence in art. From ancient Egypt to the beginning of the 20th century, *Sexual Personae* show us the sex and lust in literature that the "timid" and "hypocritical" intelligentsia never bothered to illuminate. Her favorite example of the most ignored Western literary great is Sade. With the erudition of a humanities professor (which she is at the University of the Arts, Philadelphia), she writes: "Sade makes sex a theater of pagan action." But then she switches to the punch of a stand-up comic: "Don't read Sade before lunch!"

The book ends with an exclusive that *A Current Affair* would envy: Emily Dickinson is the female Sade. "The brutality of this belle of Amherst would stop a truck. She is a virtuoso of sadomasochistic surrealism..." Paglia scrutinizes Dickinson's poetry with an S/M eye.

Paglia works hard to present an accessible history of sex in Western art, but unfortunately many of her ideas are still only accessible to those who are familiar with her countless historical references and Oxford dictionary-style vocabulary. While some of her post-feminist diatribes are a thrilling relief from the politically-correct party line, other ideas are completely nuts. But maybe by the time *Sexual Personae Volume Two*, which will cover pagan themes in cinema, T.V., sports, and rock n' roll, is ready, she'll get it together.—*Lisa Palac*

STAYING POWER

Susan Johnson
Naiad Press, $12.95

Public celebration of eternal love has almost become routine in the lesbian community these days. Eighty percent of the couples I know have either gotten married or are planning to some time in the next year. But long before this wedding fever hit, lesbians have been coupling up and staying hitched. Just ask Maude and Agnes, still as close as ever after 41 years together. Better yet, read Susan Johnson's *Staying Power: Long Term Lesbian Couples* and meet the 107 other couples like Maude and Agnes who've made it through the decades.

Johnson, a sociologist from Seattle, wrote this book to find role models. Liberally weaving in excerpts from questionnaires and interviews, Johnson reports on how these couples love each other, negotiate the hard times, and manage to survive it all. By letting these personal histories introduce her explorations of issues like monogamy, class differences, and merging, Johnson keeps the book lively.

Skipping over the chapters on commitment to get to the juicy sexuality chapter might be every reader's first impulse. But the details given here are, unfortunately, dry and a bit distressing. None of the couples—all of them had been together at least ten years—still make love three times a week. Only 28% have sex two or three times a month. So don't skip the commitment chapter. The love story starting this section is definitely exceptional. It tells the tale of two Presbyterian wives with eight children between them, who met in church. If only The Brady Bunch could have been this exciting.

—*Mary James*

THE CONFESSIONS OF WANDA VON SACHER-MASOCH

Translated by Marian Phillips, V. Vale, and Caroline Hèberth
ReSearch Publishing, $17.00

The Confessions of Wanda von Sacher-Masoch, published for the first time in English, is the autobiography of the wife of Leopold Sacher-Masoch, the man who inspired the term masochism. This 125 page illustrated work is the story of a

woman whose life began in obscurity and ended in the heady world of Leopold Sacher-Masoch, a writer who was infamous throughout Europe for his erotic publication *Venus in Furs* and his sexual proclivities. Their master/slave relationship unfolds, with Wanda (and her maids) living in furs and whipping Leopold daily. Intrigue among their wealthy friends, and epochs such as the dread European cholera epidemic, serpentine their way through the Sacher-Masoch marriage.

But there is a deeper story in *Confessions*. The outside world assumes Wanda willingly participates in her role as master and dominatrix to her husband. But her confession is this: if she were to refuse any of Leopold's sexual demands, she would jeopardize her and her children's only source of financial stability, which is Leopold's income from writing. Because of the stifling economic climate that existed in the mid-1800's for women, Wanda and her children are utterly financially dependant on Leopold. In fact, on the occasions when she refuses his sexual whims, he, "the greatest child of all," stops writing until he gets his way. She further states that she detests Leopold's sexual leanings and that he "drew me down to the mire where his passions crawled." Again and again, Wanda asserts that Leopold is a neglectful father, that his fetishistic excesses corrode their financial stability, and that his obsessional sexual patterns subvert all hopes for a normal family life. Life with the frivolous Leopold almost drives her to suicide.

Interestingly, Wanda's strength comes not from her husband but from the dozens of strong women—some of whom were lesbians—who grace her life over the years. First, there is the flamboyant Madame Frishauer. Then we meet Nora and Mignon—a butch/femme couple—who, like the majority of women in *Confessions*, not only intrigue Wanda but provoke her to amorous emotions (much more so than her own husband). We are then introduced to Mademoiselle Catherine Strebinger, the defiant prankster, who scoffs at men and plots to make them look like the self-absorbed buffoons they are.

Confessions is a complex and disturbing expose of one of the most infamous sexual liasons in history. It jars one's assumptions about the consensuality between Wanda and Leopold, and may leave you wondering who was truly the master and who was the slave.

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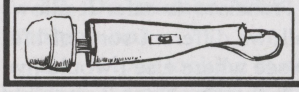

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KA: It was very soft then. We did some spread shots but no penetration. It was just jive. There would be some old guy running the production, who's a real sweetheart, and he'd say, "Here, hold this cucumber next to your cunt." The formulas were so stupid! I couldn't figure out why anyone would get off on this stuff. They gave you a view of socially acceptable pictures of sexuality that made you giggle. Is this what heterosexuals want? Me holding a cucumber next to my cunt? It was the dumbest way to earn two hundred dollars, which is really a good amount of money for doing nothing.

LP: Did you ever do any full-length porn films?

KA: I did everything. I did voice overs for porn films. That was the funniest part. I was supposed to be sucking someone's cock and I'd be sitting there gossiping with the other women instead. The director would say "Hey! You're supposed to be giving a blow job now!" So we'd say, 'Oh, shit we can't gossip anymore.' So we'd have to do all the slurping sounds after the fact.

LP: Why did you finally quit the business?

KA: The big money started coming in. Suddenly they wanted everything hard core. No more lesbian sex without heavy penetration. They started to show some hard core S/M stuff and there were hints that there were some bad things going on. And I don't know... I think our business at that time was getting busted. I mean, when I started doing it, it was kind of a giggle.

LP: You've lived in New York, London, lots of places in between, and now San Francisco. What do you like about this city?

KA: San Francisco is safe. It allows plurality. It allows different sorts of lifestyles. I don't see where else I would live in the United States. The U.S. is moving in a very utilitarian direction; frankly, the normal culture is frightening. I think that people are incredibly moralistic. They're reactionary, violent, acting on their opinions with no thought. For example, if you don't look mainstream, or if you're a woman over thirty years old and you don't have a baby, I believe you're really in danger. San Francisco is a little haven in the midst of a really terrifying culture.

LP: We hear the words *censorship* and *obscenity* so often now, we almost tune them out. Why do you think so many works that contain sexual content are under attack right now?

KA: In England, it seemed more clear—censorship was used to shut out political speech. The first thing they censored was the IRA. As a matter of fact, you weren't allowed to say the words "IRA."

I fear that sexual censorship here is a guise for political censorship. I fear that the movement against sexual representation here is a movement against gay people and women. Women have been relegated to sexual fields for centuries. We were allowed to survive by use of our genitals and our sexual organs. We were prostitutes or wives. Very few women were able to survive in any other way. Economics was very deeply tied to the sexual field.

Censorship always comes at a time when women are starting to get power. And when women start to get power there seem to be two movements. First, they want to deny their own sexuality because it is a very problematic thing. They say, "We're not just ovaries. We're not just cunt. We're more than that." This is what we saw in the first waves of feminism—women who did not want to talk about sex. Now you have women wanting to reclaim sexuality. Women saying that sexuality isn't dirty; sexuality isn't something that should be X-rated. Sexuality is something that we were defined by, and now we want to define it. Every time there is a wave of censorship this is what I think it is about. It's not against sexuality—it's against women wanting to reclaim sexuality and therefore be truly equal with men.

LP: Do you watch video porn?

KA: No, I don't like visual porn. I've never really liked shots of genitals. I like soft core. Written porn, I love. I read all the porn I can get.

LP: What's your opinion on this new wave of Women's Erotica?

KA: Theoretically it's terrific. But most of the stuff I see isn't very good. The writing is very flowery and soft core and not very well-written. I'm more interested in the actual writing than I am in what's being written about, or I see the two as coming together. Just because it's by a woman and it's about sex isn't enough. There's a great piece in the new *High Risk* anthology by Ana Maria Simo. It's the first time I've heard of her. It's about jealousy.

LP: Hey, I heard a rumor that all

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the writers in that book have been denied funding by the NEA.

KA: [Laughs] Oh that's bullshit! My piece isn't even about sex! It's about Mayor Koch.

LP: Oh, what about Mayor Koch?

KA: You'll have to read it...[giggles]

LP: On the definition of S/M, you've been quoted as saying: "The word means nothing! Zilch!" Well?

KA: What I meant by 'it doesn't mean anything' is that the word S/M covers a variety of practices. And sometimes what is one person's idea of S/M is definitely not another's. S/M covers a whole lot of fetishes—including ones about shit. That particular practice—I'm appalled. I mean, it's fine if other people do it, but not me, thank you very much.

LP: But you're into leather?

KA: Yeah, I like leather.

LP: And bodybuilding?

KA: Yes. A few years ago, I started to go to a gym with my friend Joann. I hated aerobics. She said, "Let's try lifting weights." So I tried it and I loved it, and did it sporadically for a number of years. Then there came a point in my life where disaster hit from every front and I had to deal with the pain. I wasn't good at dealing with pain. I was running away from anything that was painful. I became very interested in the body because I didn't trust the intellectuals. I knew that this was a way to start learning about the things I really had to learn about...about the body, about pain. So I got a trainer and started taking it very seriously.

Bodybuilding is an obsessive form of meditation. It's about body systems, about aging—estrogen vs. testosterone balance as you get older. I like how my body is now. It's functional. It's terrific. I like to work with it and it works with my mind.

LP: Would you ever compete?

KA: Compete? Maybe...if I were twenty years younger I would! It's a little like a strip routine, you know wiggling around almost naked. It brings me back to the good old days.

LP: Do you like women with muscles?

KA: I think bodybuilding for women is fabulous. There's no other way about it. I think we've been taught to run away from our bodies.We're not allowed to talk about our bodies.We never talk about menstruation. It's considered dirty. Our bodies are forbidden territory. When you start bodybuilding seriously, you have to learn about your body. Your diet gets so precise. You learn the relation of yourself to any piece of shit or piss or anything. So that's great.

I think when women get strong it changes their relation to the world and how they feel about being on the streets. For instance, say you're sitting somewhere on a subway or a bus. Most of the women are sitting with their legs crossed in very clenched up positions. The men have their legs wide open and their arms are taking up two seats. That's partly because we don't recognize that physical space is ours. We have a right to occupy this space. And to see women who think that they have just as much right to occupy physical space as men is wonderful. So yeah, I think body building is great.

LP: Do women who pump iron turn you on?

KA: I love looking at women bodybuilders. I don't know if it turns me on sexually, looking at women bodybuilders. I'm trying to think of the kinds of women that turn me on...usually no, it's not bodybuilders types at all. I've never gone to bed with a woman who looks like that.

I like sailors...sailors and boxers especially if they have no hair on their head. I go for people with bald heads.

LP: What's this movie you're in? *The Golden Boat*.

KA: It's a film by Raul Ruiz. I have a bit part. It's about this guy who's a mass-murderer and I'm one of the people who gets murdered. I'm a philosophy teacher and I say something dumb like, 'X is Y is Z' and then I get murdered while I'm in the bathroom. I've never seen the scene, so I don't know if it's any good.

LP: What kinds of questions are you asked most, during an interview?

KA: Most people ask why I lived in England; they ask about the porn. Most of the time they're appalled by my books because there's so much sex and violence in them. 'Why are you so violent?' they always ask.

LP: Why *are* you so violent, Kathy?

KA: Because I'm so open and honest. With you, we talked mainly about the structure of my novels, but most people are confused about the content, so they always ask about the sex and violence. And they always want to ask the forbidden question.

LP: Which is?

KA: Are you into S/M? But they don't dare utter those words. Δ

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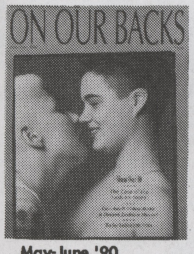

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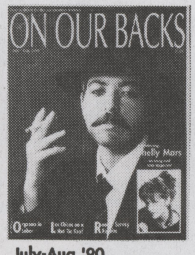

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DADDY'S GIRL (continued from pg 29)

Now take off your nightgown. Okay, hands up, spread your legs, that's my slut, Daddy's little slut, you just want that cock don't you? Go on, beg for it."

"Your cock is so big, Daddy, it fills me up, I want you inside me, Daddy, please put your cock inside my wet pussy hole, please Daddy. I spread my legs for you, my hole is always ready for your hard thick cock, I want it so bad, it's all I ever want. I think about your cock all day, Daddy."

"You better, you cunt. I'll teach you how to take care of Daddy's cock. You'll be the best little cocksucker around. Can you feel the head of my cock up against your pussy? Come on, reach for it, show Daddy you want it, that's a girl."

"Fuck me, Daddy."

But she doesn't fuck me yet. She grabs my hair and pulls/drags me onto the floor, and I'm crawling trying to keep up with her as she crosses the room to the full-length mirror. I'm confronted with the mirror image and try to look away, but she yanks my head back and says, "You're going to suck this cock, girl, and you're going to suck it good or I'm going to give you a beating like you've never felt before and wouldn't ever want to feel again—got that?"

"Yes, Sir."

And there we are in the mirror—two women. For a second, reality intrudes. I look up at her eyes, hidden by the brim of her cap, and her short white-blonde hair. I've never seen her before and that increases my fear. On the phone it was like a confession to a priest, kneeling in the dark booth recounting my sins. I requested my own punishment in my search for forgiveness. And she doled out the punishment over the phone.

I wrote line after line for her—100 lines, 200 lines. I beat myself for her, for me, for Our Father—just another variation on our theme. But it was never enough. I never felt cleansed or redeemed or free. Finally she ordered me to come to her.

Now I'm on my knees, hands behind my back, and she's thrusting this big black dildo-cock into my mouth with one hand behind my head, and in her other hand she has the riding crop. Every time I slow down or gag she hits me hard with the crop. I cower and try my best to please her. My cunt is so wet I can feel the juice dripping down my leg. I want her to fuck me so bad. It feels like she could put a fist inside me, but all I can really think about is sucking this cock, trying to push it against her clit.

"That's a girl. Suck that cock. All my friends are watching you. You're making them hard, some of them are even rubbing themselves, they want to fuck this wet little mouth hole of yours. Show them how well you've been trained, you little slut. You'd suck all their cocks if I let you,wouldn't you? I'm going to let them cum all over you and make you lick it up. When I cum inside you they'll cum all over your face."

I can actually feel all these people watching me—and then she makes me tell them a punishment story.

"Come on little girl, that's right, spread your cheeks, we all want to see that tight little hole of yours. And tell us what happens when you're a bad little girl."

"Daddy punishes me."

"And where do you get punished?"

"On my asshole. Daddy has a special stick and I have to hold my cheeks apart and count the strokes. After the stick, I usually get five strokes with the rubber dog whip."

Sometimes as punishment Daddy sticks her finger up my ass. At first it hurts, and then it feels good, but right about the time that it feels good Daddy pulls her finger out really fast. She says it's part of my training and eventually she'll fuck me up the ass with the dildo. She loves to look at my asshole, examine it: poke, prod, and lick my tight little hole. I feel a mixture of pleasure and humiliation. The humiliation usually wins out, especially if her friends are watching. She knows it too—you can hear it in her voice.

"What happens after your punishment?"

"I have special insertion training each night. A dildo is put up my pussy and then Daddy pushes one or two fingers up my asshole and teaches me to relax."

"I think it is very effective to punish girls in sensitive areas—minimum effort and dramatic effect. I'd say her behavior has improved considerably. Why don't you tell my friends where else you get your discipline?"

"On my clit."

"And?"

"On my breasts."

She puts on a latex glove and pushes three fingers up inside my cunt and pulls them out and slams in deep, so hard it hurts. Then I feel four fingers pushing up to her knuckles and I'm wet, but not that wet. "No, don't fist me, I can't take it, it hurts."

She says, "I want to teach you this,

open up for me, do it for Daddy. We're going to work through this together. It'll hurt, but we'll handle this pain. I want you to do this for me."

I could feel her skin against my back, her small tits, hard nipples, her leather chaps touching my legs.

"Breathe deep and slow, breathe with me, that's it, feel the pain, breathe with the pain, through it, don't fight it, let the pain flow through you as you breathe. Stay with me, I want you to do this, it's important to me."

And then she's inside of me, her whole fist. It feels so good. She starts to pull out her fist and I don't want to let go. I clench my muscles down, she grabs my hair, cuffs my ears. She slaps me across the face.

"I'll teach you." Slap.

And I start to cry, not because it hurts, but because being slapped gets to me more than anything else. It's so intimate; it's my face. I'm scared and caught up in the fantasy and she's still fucking me hard, wild, and I want to touch her so bad, claw her, and I start pushing against her with my body.

She leaps off me, flips me over and starts hitting me with her belt, hard. My back, shoulders, ass, thighs. I try to get away, but I can't. She holds me down with one hand and flogs me with the belt, and I finally give in and start to scream and cry and sob. There are tears mixed with snot dripping down my face and I stop struggling. She puts down the belt, turns me over, enters me gently with her fingers and brushes the hair away from my face. We're close now, she's inside of me, rocking rhythmically she kisses me, kisses the tears away, lots of kisses and licks.

"Shh, that's a good girl. Daddy loves her little girl, it's okay now, it's all over, it's okay, baby. You're so pretty, so wonderful, smart, sweet, you're a honey bear girl-child. I'm here. I'm here. I'll take care of you."

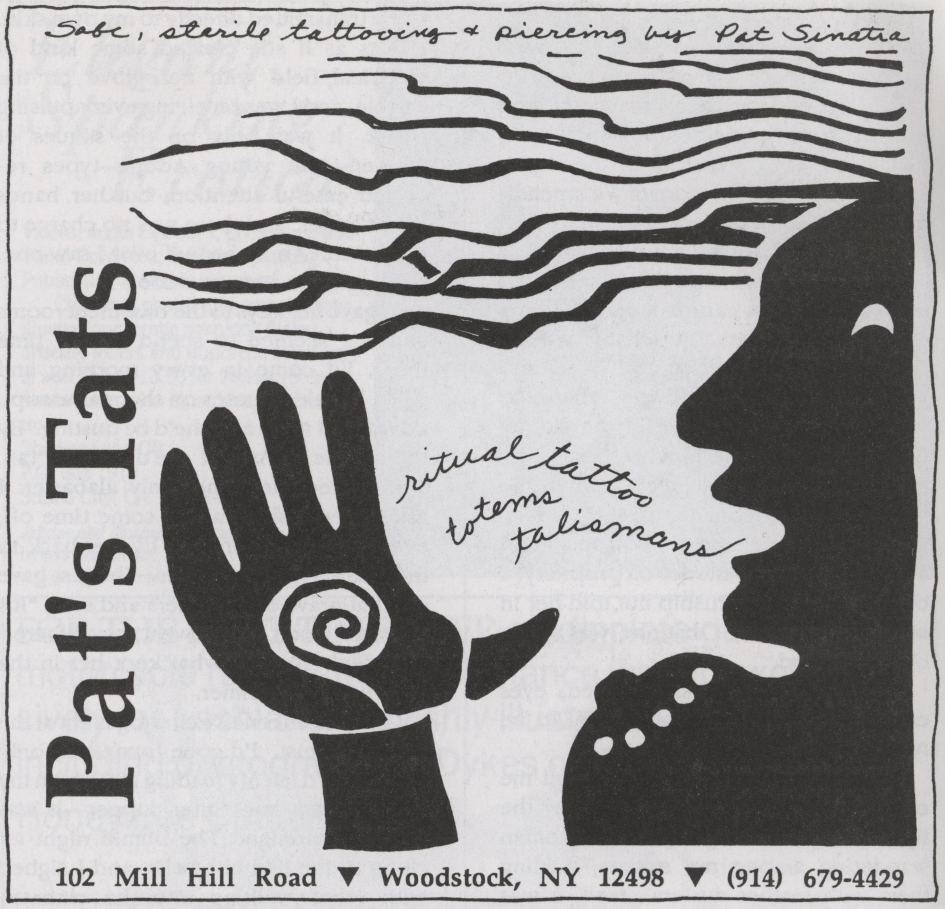
"I'm sorry, Daddy."

"Sorry? You have nothing to be sorry about, it's okay, sometimes you have to fight and I'll have to beat you, but that's okay, that's what you need and it's what I want and you're safe, sweetheart."

"I want my Daddy."

"I'm right here little girl. I got you and I won't ever let you go. It's okay, go to sleep now. You want some warm milk? Everything is going to be okay."

"Yes, Daddy. I love you, Daddy." I curl up and sleep, secure that there will always be more punishments, but for now all is forgiven. Δ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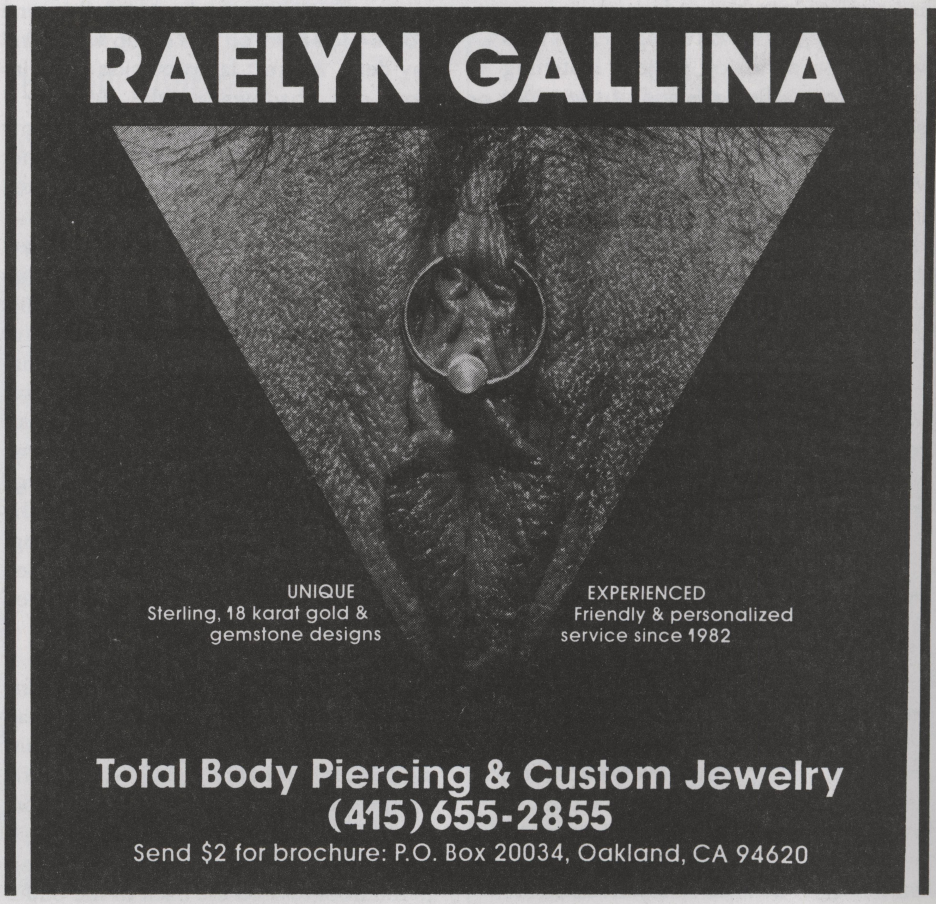

PYGMALION AFFAIR *(from page 31)*

Anyway, Nica showed up in my office with a letter from her great–aunt and another from the chair of the department, and a gorgeous statue from the dig, a stately, thick–limbed woman we immediately christened Galatea. Nica had skin smoother than worked marble and tan as nobody's business. Shoulders from here to Nebraska from carting stone 10 hours a day for 15 years. You hang around Greek sculpture as long as I have, and you can tell a real goddess when she walks up to your desk. Not the skinny types you see in the movies these days. Real hips. Breasts that swayed when she walked. I was a goner.

Of course, being a gentlewoman and a scholar, I was a model of propriety. I offered her the internship but told her in all good conscience that she was vastly over–qualified.

"Doesn't matter," she replied, eyes demurely downcast, "I only want to be with the stone."

Tacky. That should have tipped me off, right? But no, I was blinded by the light and the thought of this woman wandering among my statues, tickling them with feather dusters....well, it was all a bit overwhelming and I suppose I had already lost my head.

Actually, Nica was a big help. I was working on a catalog project, matching statues from a find on one of the outer islands with an inscribed manuscript that had been unearthed alongside them. She was nearly my equal in Greek mythology, and I had to admit that she knew the stone far better than I. She was weak on dates—she talked about everything in the present tense, in fact—but that, after all, was the reason her great–aunt had sent her back to school. Once she overcame her shyness, she would sit with me for hours and argue over the origin of this piece or that, and how or if it related to the manuscript we pored over all summer long. By the beginning of July, I'd managed to convince her that she could call me "Ellen" instead of "Dr. Stanforth," but I was resigned to getting no further with her than first names, except in fantasy.

She simply loved the stone. I gave her a feather duster, but she insisted on working in a pair of white gloves. She went through at least three pair a week, bringing out the gleam of every curve and crevice in the statues. I thought I had it bad just looking at her. Then I watched her go over one of my fleeing nymphs with her gloved hand. Every touch on the stone transmitted directly to my own skin. It was as if she created some kind of electrical field with her glove on the marble, and I was receiving every pulsing shock. It was only on the statues of women—the young Adonis–types received careful attention, but her hands didn't linger, and there was no charge to her touch. An Amazon if ever I saw one. I struggled to keep my cool.

I gave her keys to the basement rooms and she seemed to spend all her time there. I'd come in every morning and she'd be taking notes on the manuscript. I'd leave at night and she'd be dusting. By the middle of August she'd lost her tan. She looked the same, only alabaster. I asked her if she wanted some time off, even jokingly offered to fly her back to the islands for a refresher. She just gave me that grave stare of hers and said, "It's the same stone, I can love it as well here." I couldn't imagine what kept her in the basement all summer.

I found out one sweltering night at the end of August. I'd gone home late, only to realize I'd left my reading glasses on my desk. I went back after supper—it was close to midnight. The humid night air clung to me like cobwebs, and I sighed with relief walking into the climate–controlled air of the basement. The lights were off; Nica must have finally gone home. I left them off and sat down behind my desk. A street lamp outside the window cast shadows on the desktop. I picked up my glasses and put them in my bag. I thought about Nica and the way her gloved hands moved over the polished marble of the statues. Would she touch a living woman like that? My eyes closed and I imagined reaching for her from behind while she worked. Nica, I whispered, turning her around to face me, try that magic touch on me. In my imagination I moved my hands across her broad back, down to the tight muscles of her ass. She took off the gloves and peeled my blouse off, her touch sparking the voltage in me that I'd felt her generate with the statues. She told me how she'd been longing for me to come to her, and I laughed and buried my face in her open–necked shirt.

A low noise disturbed my reverie. I listened for a moment, my hand resting on the zipper of my trousers where it had strayed during my daydream. It was just a murmur, probably somebody passing by the basement window, high up from where I sat. No, it sounded closer. I got up and walked soundlessly over the carpeted floor toward the back of the building. The statues, some just torsos on stands, floated eerie and pale in the soft light from the high windows. I brushed past a fine marble breast, and I imagined how Nica's hand has passed over it, how it would feel if she caressed me the same way. But there was the noise again, louder now, although still indistinct, in the farthest corner of the crowded basement. With hushed steps, I moved in that direction. I stopped just behind an enormous carved stag and peered around it.

There she was. Wearing only her gloves, Nica was burnishing the surface of the statue of Galatea she'd brought with her. In the faint light, their surfaces looked alike, pale and glowing. Nica was moving her hands slowly, ritually, over the statue. Her every move was concentrated and direct. Even in the dark cool of the basement, I could see the perspiration on her skin; she must have been doing this for hours. Nica was tracing every line of the finely rendered female body. The air was charged with a sensual heat that I knew was not the product of my fervent imaginings. I stood gaping, as Nica began caressing the statue with more than her hands. She was pressing her breasts and thighs to the stone, and then rubbing over the same places with her hands. I had never seen a woman abandon herself so fully to the skilled dance of giving which is also receiving. She kissed the stony breasts, with their meticulously carved nipples, and then the chiseled mouth. Her breath sounded heavy and ragged in the stillness. My own breath came short and warm. Nica's every move telegraphed itself to my nervous system. I stood there, watching this goddess of a woman make love to herself on a statue of such exquisite perfection; it was like watching a woman make herself come in front of a mirror, luxuriating in her own beauty and strength, when she thinks no one is watching.

As her exertions grew more heated, I noticed that Nica was becoming careless. I vacillated between fascination and concern. Was she strong enough to knock over the precious, ancient sculpture? Distracted, I started from my ill–concealed spot. My sudden movement must have startled Nica, though she did not turn in my direction. And then the worst thing happened. The statue crashed to the floor.

Instead of shattering into a million fragments, it landed on the carpeted basement floor in one piece, with Nica gliding on top of her. That's when I saw it happen—in the dim light of the basement, with Nica's luscious bulk covering

her, Galatea quite literally came to life. Stunned, I watched the two bodies join in a rhythm that was completely unmistakable. Nica tore the gloves from her hands with her teeth and plunged her fingers into the rocking, moaning Galatea. I couldn't stand it. Furtively I stripped and stepped over to the entwined couple.

Their flesh was identical: warm, firm, welcoming. I caressed each of them in turn, hushing Nica's momentary cry of alarm. I threw myself into the give–and–take of embrace after embrace, kiss after kiss. The three of us writhed in unison. We each breathed fire into the others. Everywhere there was sensual delight—lips to kiss, breasts to suck, labia to fondle with sticky fingers. Finally, Nica took Galatea's nipple into her mouth while I sank my fingers into Nica's waiting cunt. The two of them came at the same time, Galatea with Nica inside her, Nica with me holding her throbbing cunt from within. As the waves of their pleasure died away, they turned their joint attentions to me.

I was pulsing with desire and wonder. With one on each side of me, they lay me back and held down my arms as each sucked hard on my nipples. Then Galatea straddled my chest and rubbed her simmering cunt over my breasts while I ran my hands across her shoulders, along her peerless back, and down to cup her generous ass. Meanwhile, Nica stretched out over my legs, letting her weight hold them down. She breathed a channel of torrid air over my clit and labia, and I bucked convulsively, my shoulders pinned between Galatea's legs. Nica dove her lips and chin into my cunt and sucked the juices running there. I rubbed myself over her face again and again. I was reaching a peak of sensation I'd never dreamed of, held to the floor while the woman of my fantasies ran her tongue over the protruding nub of my clit and filled my cunt with her gifted fingers. Our cries and heady scents filled the air. Just as I started to come into Nica's hand, Galatea stretched over onto my head and shoulders and I felt the slippery waves of her coming shudder onto my chest.

We lay there, tangled, ebbing, flowing, drifting in and out of dreamy caresses. Eventually, I sat up and shook my hair out of my eyes. Galatea and Nica were still wrapped in a tight embrace. The tensions that had so recently ripped through all our bodies skittered beneath their skins, even in repose. I stood up and pulled my shirt on, sauntering back to my office. I saw the Nikon and the tripod on the table and knew what I wanted to do.

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There, in the growing light of the dawn, I noiselessly set up the shot of the two embracing women. Nica stirred, and Galatea answered with a caress, across the back and down the length of her body, to her knee. They never noticed my absence. They sparked each other with a passionate fire I watched through the viewfinder, waiting for the perfect shot. A single shaft of light darted through the basement window illuminating the two of them in the throes of their coming, and I gently pressed the shutter release.

It happened in an instant, at the height of their coupling. When the sun fell on their smooth skins, Galatea returned to stone—and Nica with her. I shrieked and ran toward them, knocking over the tripod. I stumbled and watched the camera smash on the wall, the film ruined. I whirled around and stubbed my toe on Nica's marble calf. Ah, but they were beautiful, caught in suspension and release, frozen in thrashing harmony. She was aptly named, our ancient statue, and now she had finer company than her mythical sculptor could have created.

And so the goddess who had originally breathed the gift of life into Galatea exacted this terrible price from those who tarried too long in the sunlight of her love. It explained the disappearances at the dig, and the bizarre fragments that had turned up.

But it didn't solve the ache in my loins or the trouble I would have convincing the scholarly community that there was more to that Pygmalion affair than met the eye. Δ

SEXPOINT *(continued from page 13)*

The words that came to my mind as I masturbated were, "Please don't stop, Daddy, don't stop hitting me." When I came, I was laughing and crying simultaneously, as the utter innocence of the whole dynamic came crashing down upon my feminist consciousness. It had become crystal clear to me that whenever my father had turned me over his knee—relatively infrequently—I had most certainly enjoyed it simply because of the logistics: my clit was forced up against a hard object, his knee, and was subsequently stimulated. I was fairly awestruck by this revelation, since for years I'd assumed that my penchant for being spanked originated in self-loathing or masochism. It amazed me how such a simple dynamic could become so distorted over the years, each new attempt at analysis only adding another layer of shame to the original experience.

Spurred on by the success of this experiment, I extended my fantasies to visualizing my father during fucking. As it turned out, the incest taboo was stronger than my quest for self-knowledge, and my fascination for the fantasy was short-lived.

The shame and secrecy that permeate this topic is intense. It is not easy, for instance, for me to confess my thoughts on the subject, much less my fantasies. In fact, I'm downright terrified as I anticipate these words appearing in print beneath my name, revealing me to be an incestuous pervert. But I learned a long time ago that examination of sexual fantasies can help dissolve the guilt surrounding our sexuality, and can be as beneficial as years of psychotherapy or meditation.

Given the frightening overtones of the Daddy fantasy, then, it is understandably easier for most people to explore its power when the actual people are removed; that is precisely why gender-bending—two women, for instance, playing out the fantasy—feels safer and is more likely to produce insights, not to mention orgasms.

There are many complex and even contradictory aspects to the roots of the Daddy fantasy. Probably the strongest element is the desire for a sexual partner who will love and nurture us no matter what. There's a telling scene in the film The Misfits in which Marilyn Monroe, tears streaming from her heavy hooded eyes, sobs to Clark Gable that he must have stopped liking her because he has expressed displeasure with her behavior.

"Come on, honey," he says, pulling her into his big bear arms, "didn't your Papa ever spank you, then pick you up and give you a big kiss? He did, didn't he?"

"He was never there long enough," sobs Marilyn. "Strangers spanked me for keeps." She collapses into Gable's arms: the quintessential little girl and the archetypal Daddy. (Unfortunately, the camera doesn't follow them into the bedroom, but my imagination has furnished the scene—and orgasm—quite adequately.)

As implied by this dialogue, there's a lesson conveyed to a little girl when her father spanks her for being naughty, then immediately showers her with affection. This is not to make a case for corporal punishment, but only to say that many of us were spanked as children and came to associate the act with love and/or sexual arousal. We may also have learned that punishment doesn't necessarily mean rejection—on the contrary, as Monroe's response implies, the absence of any kind of fatherly attention can be much more devastating than a slap on the rear. And though it's true that abused children often grow up to become abused women, in this case Monroe missed a vital experience, one that might have led her to tell those strangers who spanked her "for keeps" to fuck off.

The dynamics between Gable and Monroe are fascinating: she is at once a vulnerable little girl and a powerfully erotic adult woman. When she yields to him, she temporarily gives up her power, something Monroe frequently did with her leading men. Similarly, one friend I spoke to confessed that when she plays at having sex with a Daddy, she feels that she is relinquishing her coveted female powers to the force of "his" masculine desires. This is true whether or not the Daddy in question is biologically male or not—the same dynamics, she says, apply to butch/femme encounters.

Regardless of whether our daddies spanked and then kissed us as children, the yearning for an omnipotent lover who will stick with us through the pain is a powerful image that lies at the heart of most dominant/submissive fantasies.

When the word Daddy is introduced into this context, it carries a weight of added elements, even if we don't imagine our actual fathers. After all, how would it be possible for any intelligent woman brought up in the age of psychotherapy to not at least fleetingly wonder about the relationship between her sexuality and her father? We are repeatedly told that he carries a heavy influence over our self-development, that we seek out partners who remind us of him. How could it not occur to us that our relationship to him might carry elements of eroticism? Whether consciously acknowledged or not, a sexual scene involving a Daddy figure is fraught with Freudian overtones, the act shrouded in secrecy and the breaking of taboos. What could be hotter?

Another element that comes into play here is that we revert to the safety of infancy. Some psychoanalysts have postulated that, for heterosexual women, sucking a penis is the closest they ever come as an adult to sucking a breast. Slobbering over "daddy's cock" can often put us in an emotional space akin to infancy; a time when we had no responsibility and did not know rules existed, much less what they might be. We simply responded to external stimuli, hopefully—but not always—of a nurturing quality. Significantly, it is almost always the word

"daddy," not "father," that carries so much erotic weight.

In fact, it is not only women who use the concept of Daddy for an erotic charge: witness the vast number of personal ads in gay men's magazines seeking father/son sexual relationships. Even more astounding is the fact that a significant number of heterosexual men with absolutely no homosexual experience harbor similar desires. In my work as a phone sex operator, my absolutely hottest calls involve reducing husky-voiced males to simpering infants through my impersonation of a cruel/loving big-dicked papa. It's profoundly moving to hear a grown man plead with me to "suck your big dick, Daddy," when I pretend I'm whipping it across his face, and then break down when I croon, "Come for Daddy, baby girl."

The bottom line is that, as in other dominant/submissive scenes, we're being coerced to engage in sex, thereby relieving us of guilt. When Daddy is the one doing the coercion, it goes even deeper; a parental figure is not only allowing us to be sexual, but also acknowledging us as sexual beings. We may have been given the message that sexual feelings are wrong, but if Daddy's making us do it, then it must be right. Furthermore, if we please Daddy sexually, we are rewarded by being thought of as or called a "good girl." A good girl, after all, is one who pleases her Daddy. The paradox is that in the Daddy fantasy we are also bad girls who incur Daddy's wrath and get punished. Thus, we get to be good and bad girls simultaneously—both highly erotic roles. We get to please Daddy, we get to be punished by her (or him), and in the end we're still loved. The ultimate jackpot is that Daddy forgives us for everything.

The question naturally arises as to why Mommy is so rarely conjured up to serve the same purpose, particularly among lesbians. The answer would appear to be the lack of erotic power Mommies have in our culture. Female sexuality in general is downplayed, and in the case of mothers it's nearly eradicated.

Finally, it should not be necessary to state, but in these censor-filled times it apparently is (witness the rejection of my story), that articulating fantasies about Daddy is in no way an endorsement of child abuse. In fact, it's refreshing to find a story like "Daddy's Little Girl," in which someone is courageous enough to state the forbidden, implicitly giving the rest of us permission to speak the truth. Δ

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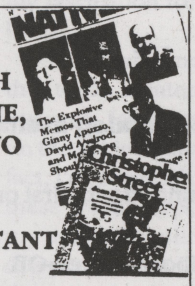

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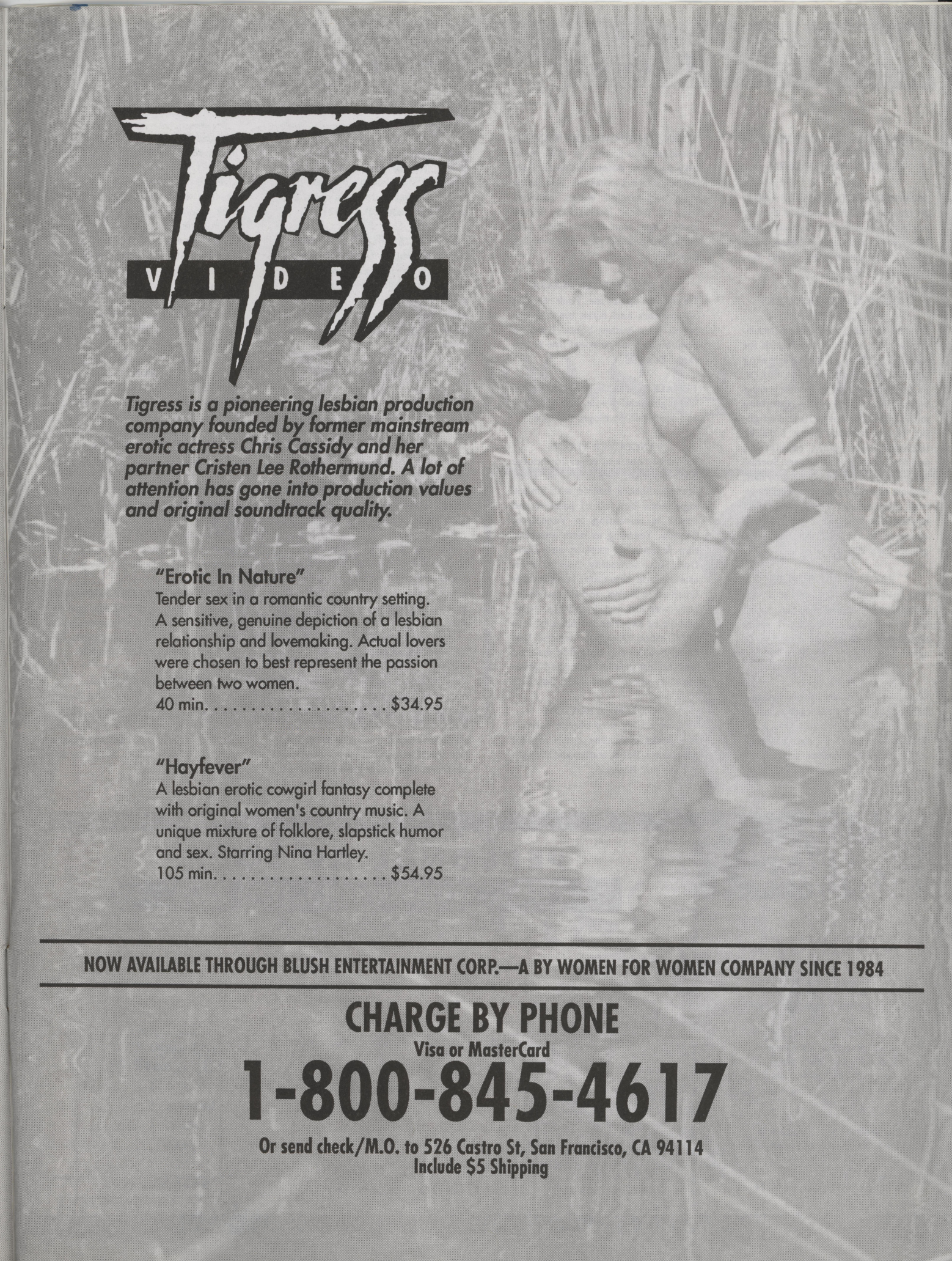

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BISEXUAL WHITE CHICAGO AREA
Wanted: young funlover. Me: age 20, educated, pretty, feminine, oversexed, who likes everything feminine, including erotica. Photo. Box 820.

I WANT YOUR LOVE . . .
Do you want mine? Looking for an intelligent, eclectic woman whose fantasies roam free. I'm passionate, playful, well-educated and sometimes perverse. I'm waiting, so write me now! Box 821.

HOW TO ANSWER A PERSONAL AD

1. Write your reply to the woman you are interested in. Seal it in an envelope, with:

- your return address at the top left corner,
- her box number in the lower left corner, &
- a first class stamp at the top right corner.

If you don't include these three items, we cannot send your letter to the woman whose ad you so carefully answered. (Once we receive this envelope, and when we add her name and address, we can simply drop it in the mail.)

2. Now, fold this envelope and place it into another envelope. Address it as follows:

On Our Backs Personals
526 Castro • San Francisco, CA 94114

PERSONAL AD FORM

AD DEADLINE JUNE 1, 1991

PERSONAL: $15 FIRST 30 WORDS, 40 CENTS PER ADDITIONAL WORD, $2.00 FOR BOLD HEADLINE.

HEADLINE _____ *(4 words max.)*

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/ST/ZIP _____

SIGNATURE _____

❑ Check/MO Enclosed ❑ VISA ❑ MC

Card # _____ Exp. Date _____

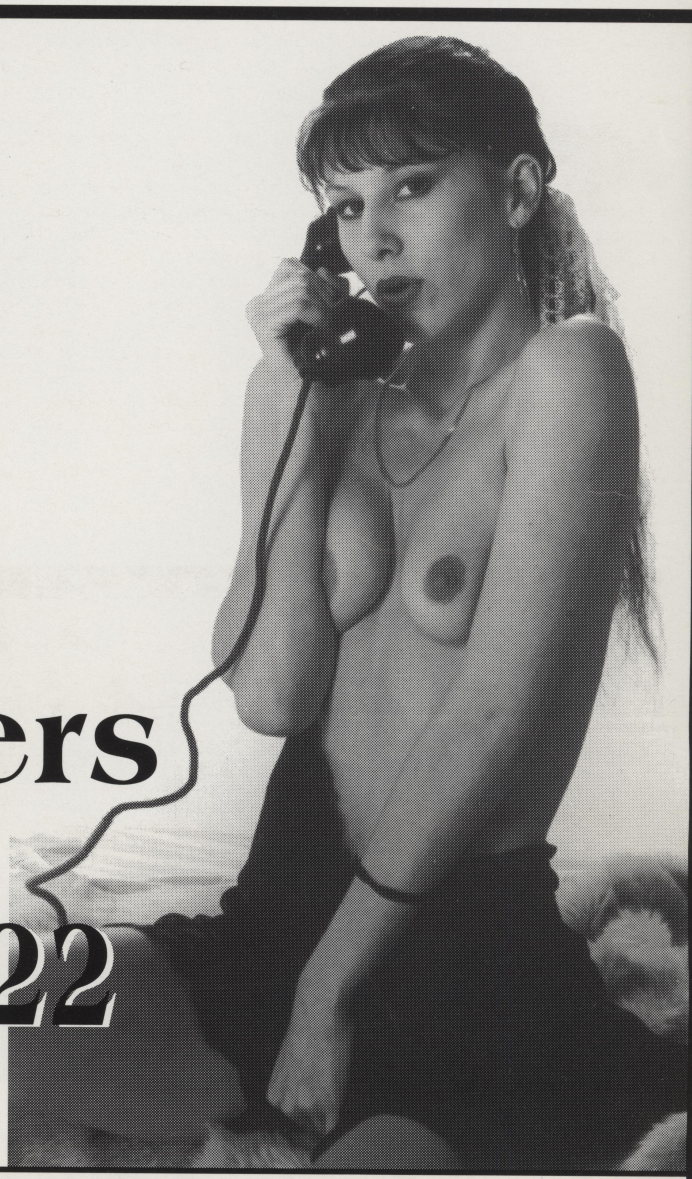
SEND TO: ON OUR BACKS • 526 CASTRO, SAN FRANCISCO,CA 94114

First 30 Words $ 15.00
_____ Additional Words x 40¢
= $_____
Bold Headline $_____
SUBTOTAL $_____
x Run Ad_____ Times
TOTAL $_____
Enclose Payment or Charge It

95¢ min

The Romance Connection

1-900-844-2002

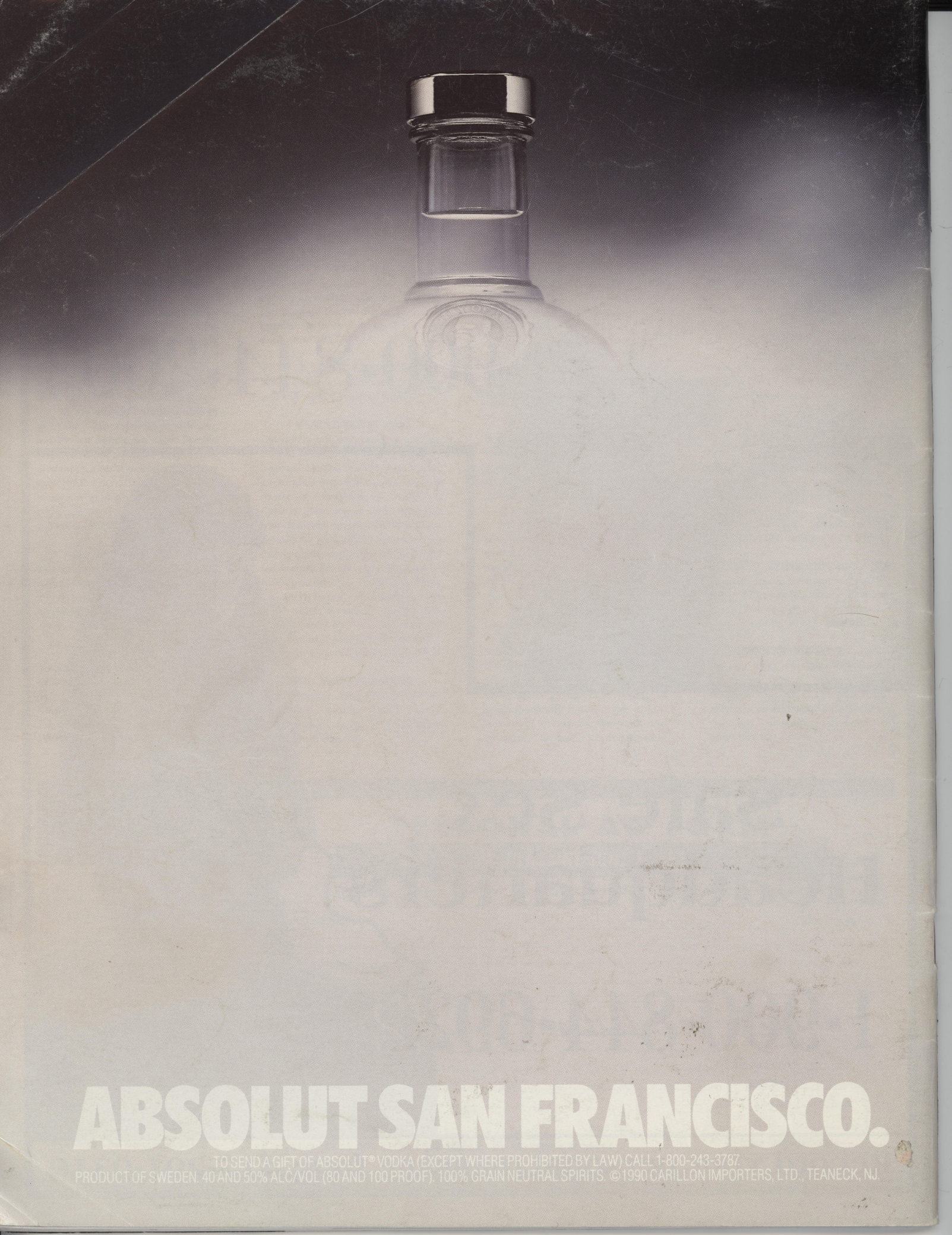


95¢ min

Safe Sex Headquarters

1-900-844-6922

Record your personal message free: 415-291-0310



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